

SPORT[®]

OCT.
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A World Series
Silver Jubilee:
**MOST VALUABLE
PLAYERS**

25 Years of MVP Awards

From Johnny Podres
To Bucky Dent

Where the Boys
Of Autumn Are Now

The Golden Moments
In Photographs

A Special MVP Quiz

Interview with
George Steinbrenner:
Is He the Problem
Or the Solution?

Also:

USC's Next Heisman
The Baddest Bear
Expos' Steve Rogers

*Two-Time MVP
Reggie Jackson*



A man in a cowboy hat, orange shirt, and dark vest is riding a dark horse through a desert landscape. He is holding a lasso and has a cigarette in his mouth. The background is a rugged, rocky hillside.

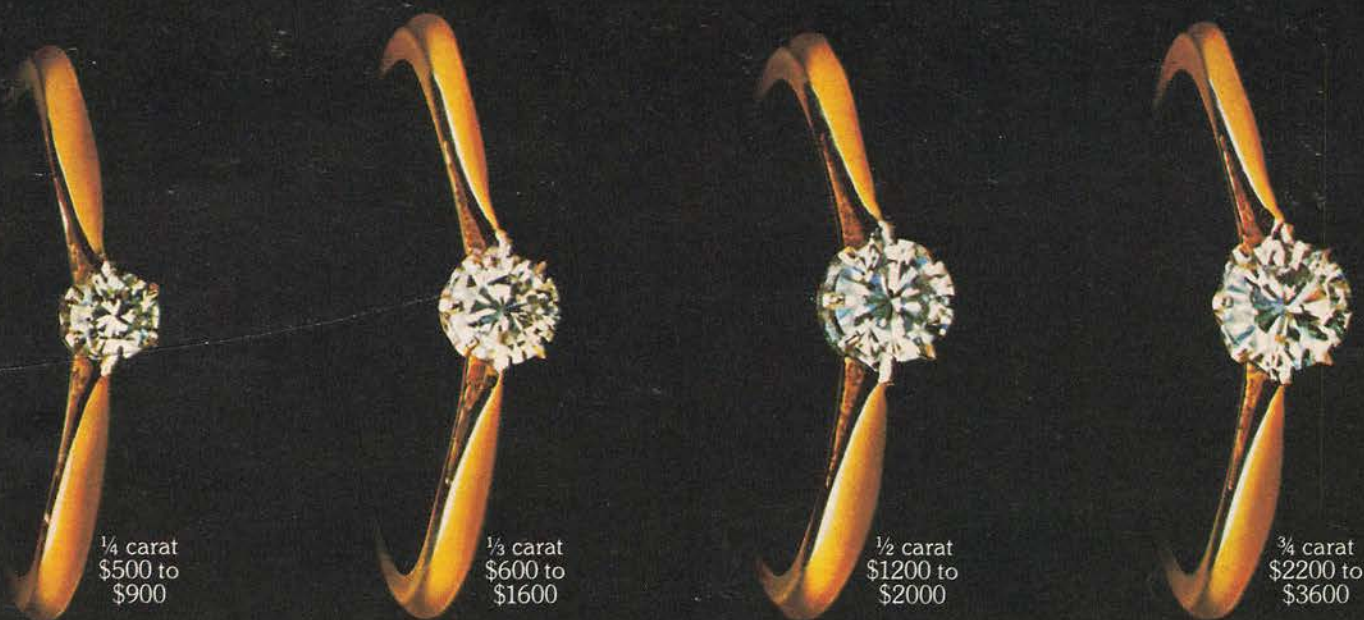
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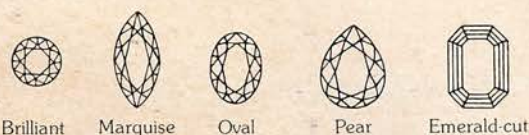
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The weight of a diamond is given in carats, with 100 points to a carat. You should always know exactly what you're getting, so ask the carat weight of your diamond. The chart will give you an idea of the sizes of the different weights of diamonds.

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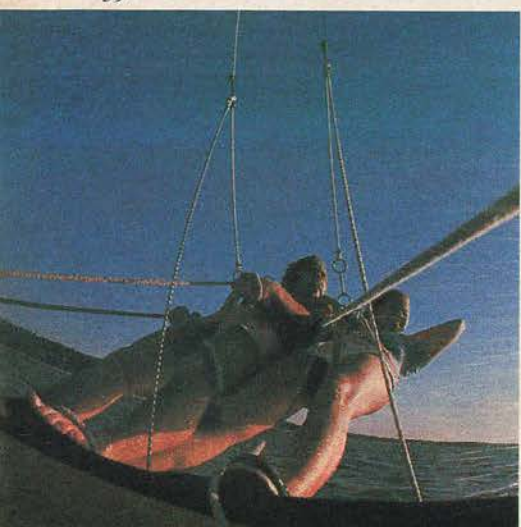
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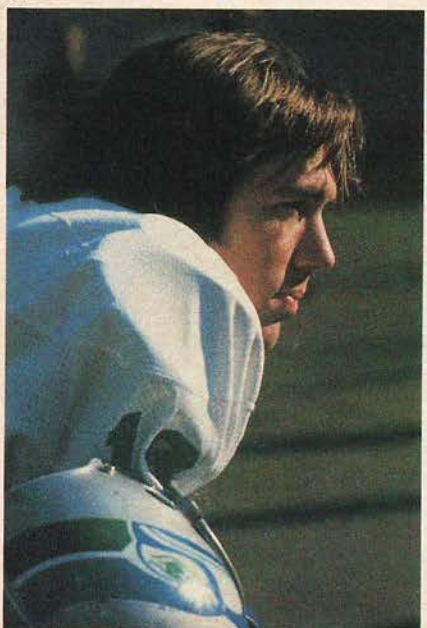
A diamond is forever.



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This Month In Sport

Twenty-five years of making Most Valuable Player Awards has been a rewarding experience for our editors past and present, and quite understandably, our staff has accumulated a number of most valuable stories related to this celebrated event. Ed Fitzgerald, the magazine's third editor, invented the idea back in 1955 and recalls that the excitement generated in the press was overwhelming. "It gave the writers something else to speculate on in print,"



1955: Reese, Newcombe and editor Fitzgerald.

says Fitzgerald. Ed remembers 1959 winner Larry Sherry of the Los Angeles Dodgers most vividly. Sherry took off in the sports car after the award lunch and, with Ed holding on in the passenger's seat, sped up New York's East River Drive at 100 mph. Sherry insisted on circling first the Polo Grounds and then Yankee Stadium before coming down to earth.

The year after Sherry won, the editors awarded the MVP trophy and car to the first nonpitcher and first member of a losing team—Bobby Richardson. This profoundly upset Pirate relief pitcher Roy Face, who thought that he or second baseman Bill Mazeroski (who had hit the Series-winning homer) were more deserving. Fitzgerald was aboard the Yankee team bus in Pittsburgh when a Yankee press official told Ed "You'd better hide somewhere. Roy Face is coming after you with a champagne bottle." Fortunately for Fitzgerald, when Face appeared, he was barred from the bus.

The most implausible incident occurred in 1963, when one of New York's finest, unimpressed with that year's winner Sandy Koufax, issued a summons to the new owner as he took possession of the car in a no-parking zone.

There were, of course, some touching moments. When Roberto Clemente won in 1971,



1963: Koufax laughs, but it's not all that funny.

Pearl Bailey, who was appearing in *Hello, Dolly* on Broadway, came to the presentation and brought the audience to its feet with a rousing rendition of "Hello, Roberto." Only 14 months later, Clemente would be killed in a plane crash as he was overseeing an airlift of relief supplies to the earthquake victims of Managua, Nicaragua. Clemente was, in the eyes of many of us, the most valuable of our most valuable players.

Assembling the story of these 25 years of excellence was an assignment Mark Ribowsky and Craig Wolff accepted with delight. The trail ran cold in a few cases, but on balance it's a remarkable history, starting on page 39.

Our main objective was to give you a chance to reminisce, an opportunity to remember where you were when "it happened." After you've seen what it takes to be an MVP, place your bets on who our 25th winner will be. We're looking forward to this year's magic moment as eagerly as you are.

John R. McDermott

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Vice President-Editorial Director
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Letters

NOT THE ONLY STAR

How could you put Rod Carew on the cover ("The Total Gamer," August) when we all know that the American League's Most Valuable Player is going to be Carew's teammate on the Angels, Don Baylor? The Angels are flying high because of the All-Star play of Baylor and Bobby Grich. It is the lesser known Angel players who are carrying them and not Carew.

John Swisher
DuBois, Pa.

Why is it that so-called "superstars" such as Rod Carew get all the publicity and feature articles? What about players like the Twins' Roy Smalley, the Mariners' Bruce Bochte and the Tigers' Steve Kemp? Don't they deserve a little recognition now and then? Maybe they just don't have the salaries to be called "superstars."

Kathy Hayrynen
South Range, Mich.

THE FAN'S RATINGS

The third part of your series "A Fan's Guide To Soccer" (August) contained a glaring omission in its ratings of the NASL midfielders. Where was Rodney Marsh? The Tampa Bay Rowdies' flamboyant superstar had captained his team to a conference title last year. He is a two-time All-Star and 17th among the league's all-time leading scorers after three seasons. He not only deserves to be on your top 20 midfielders list, he should have made the top five.

Ian Keller
Rowayton, Conn.

How could you forget to mention the Cosmos' Rick Davis in your rating of the top 20 midfielders? Davis starts for them and is an unselfish team player.

Steve Gershon
West Orange, N.J.

Paul Child of the San Jose Earthquakes in a tie for 16th in the ratings of the forwards? A very poor evaluation considering Child is the No. 1 active scorer in the NASL.

Bio Olson
San Jose, Cal.

Authors' Reply: Our apologies for inadvertently dropping Rodney Marsh from the midfielders' ratings. Marsh's point total of 50 would have tied him for third place. As for Paul Child, he is actually the second leading active scorer, behind Giorgio Chinaglia.

NOT COACHABLE

How can the Padres' Mickey Lolich say he doesn't need a pitching coach? ("First You Learn Where The Mound Is," August.) I have been a pitcher for seven years and have yet to find anybody in the sport who is too good for coaching.

Greg Heasley
DuBois, Pa.



Marsh rates high among midfielders.

IN THE SWIM

Your photography on "Our Born Again Women Swimmers" (August) was fantastic. It turned me on so much I resubscribed after waiting ten years.

Jerry Unverferth
Fruita, Col.

You failed to mention Louisville's Mary T. Meagher in your article on "Our Born Again Women Swimmers." At a swim meet held in early July, Mary beat Tracy Caulkins, one of our best swimmers, and in the Pan-Am games on July 7, she swam the 200-meter butterfly in 2:09:77, breaking the record held by Caulkins and East Germany's Andrea Pollack. I predict Mary T. will be a gold medal winner in the 1980 Olympics.

Elenor Beckmann
Louisville, Tenn.

DESERVING INDIAN

Philip Singerman's article, "The Inner Strength of Andre Thornton," (August) was one of the best stories I've ever read. It seems the Indians only get recognition for losing, and it's about time a winning Indian player got the credit he deserves.

Jeff Stricharczuk
Solon, O.

TAKING CUTS AT PIERSALL

How did the Chicago White Sox get lucky enough to get announcer Jimmy Piersall (SPORT Interview, August), while the rest of us have to put up with the likes of Howard Cosell and Tony Kubek?

Steve Joos
Havana, Ill.

I remember an incident when Jimmy Piersall played centerfield for the Cleveland Indians: he kicked a fan in the behind after the fan had run onto the field and interrupted play. If Piersall were playing today, you don't suppose he'd do that to a woman sportswriter in the dressing room, do you?

Ronald G. Johnston
Marietta, O.

Jimmy Piersall's comment about sportscasters being "professional voices" disturbed me. As a sportscaster myself, I wonder why broadcasting provides jobs for ex-jocks who make astute observations like "a guy who drops a fly ball isn't doing his job." Ex-athletes should pay their dues in broadcasting as they did in their original profession.

Randy Birch
KBIZ Radio
Ottumwa, Ia.

GETTING THE PICTURE

After reading the article on outrageous Jack Rudnay, I hope that you will frame a copy of his simple philosophy "... there's no real evidence if you don't have the picture." Out here in Colorado, we believe in that principle and cling to it, feeling that if you *do* have the pictures, then you'll always know exactly what really happened.

Pete Peterson
Colorado Springs, Col.

Your caption for the full-page picture of Jack Rudnay ("A Joker Named Jack," August) was incorrect. It looked to me like Rudnay was "slashing out" against a Denver Bronco linebacker (who happens to be Joe Rizzo) not an Oakland Raider player as the caption indicated. Wait, I've got it. You let Rudnay pick out the picture and write the caption. Yet another practical joke. Clever!

Patrick Hale
Salinas, Cal.

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OVERTIME!

SPORT Talk

Baseball's Cable TV Brawl

One sunny weekend in Los Angeles, recently, the surf was up and the tennis courts were beckoning but the sporting populace stayed indoors. The reason? The Dodgers were on TV. The Reds, too. And the Phillies, the Padres, the Pirates, the Mets. Every National League team was on TV that weekend.

Cable television made this possible, of course, and one might expect that baseball officials would welcome this opportunity to build more fans. In fact, they're howling mad.

"It's chaos," says Tom Villante, executive director of marketing and broadcasting for Major League Baseball, "an uncontrolled glut." The people in Bowie Kuhn's office believe that "the most productive fan is the hometown fan," as Villante puts it.

What upsets them most is that



baseball's individual franchises and the local commercial TV stations that carry their games don't get a penny when their broadcasts are cabled and beamed all over the country. "It's legal piracy," says Villante, "a violation of our constitutional rights."

When a Los Angeles cable company picks up a Mets game, it simply pays for the use of the satellite that transmits the game. The Federal Communications Commission also requires that the cable company pay a "copyright fee" for the use of the game, but this money is paid by the cable industry to the government in a lump sum. The money hasn't even been distributed yet; the delay results from a slew of unresolved complications including the fact that the government

hasn't yet established who owns the copyright—the stations that produce the telecasts or the teams themselves. And the cable companies' copyright fee amounts to only a fraction of what the commercial stations now pay for their rights—about one percent of cable revenues compared to the 50 percent the commercial stations pay.

The cable operators retort that no one has ever proved that commercial stations lose money when their ballgames are sent to another market.

The situation shows no signs of abating. Most observers agree that the FCC will soon rule—over the loud protests of Major League Baseball and the National Association of Broadcasters—to allow cable systems to bring in an unlimited number of long-distance signals.

Cable television is a fact of life. Major League Baseball has its own cable system, *Thursday Night Baseball*. RKO General, which televises the Mets on WOR-TV in New York, also owns a cable system.

Everyone concerned talks about free enterprise, but there is a more insidious trend toward the opposite—conglomeration. If the government solves this problem in an equitable way, it should do so without sacrificing the competitiveness that guarantees fans local baseball with a special hometown flavor, even if the rest of the league is on the other channel.

The Harder They Fall

One of boxing's more shoddy traditions is restoring the battered reputations of supposed title contenders by scheduling a quick series of bouts against no-name pugs whose athletic ability ends after they've climbed through the ropes. In line with that hoary tradition, the management of Spanish heavyweight "contender" Alfredo Evangelista—a veteran of world title fights against Muhammad Ali and Larry Holmes—has been importing American "opponents" who can't avoid placing their chins in front of Alfredo's fists.

Evangelista needed reconstructing because on April 18 he lost his European championship on a decision to Lorenzo Zanon. Then, on July 14, he was held to a draw by Felipe Rodriguez for the Spanish title. So to restore his tarnished image (although the pundits at the WBC still ranked him within the top 15), he embarked on his lend-



lease bum-of-the-week campaign.

Typical of the imported opposition was a 178-pound unemployed Philadelphian whose sole boxing credential was the fact that his brother happened to be a professional fighter. Not wishing to damage the family name, the bogus pugilist dubbed himself "Lightning Ben Franklin" in honor of his hometown and predetermined flight plan for the fight.

The alleged fight took place in late July in a sleepy suburb of Madrid where several thousand less-than-delighted paying customers saw Lightning live up to his new moniker by hitting the canvas before Alfredo could land his first serious punch.

After several similar trips to the deck, Lightning was declared the loser by technical knockout. The only patron who got his money's worth at the travesty was the fan who had the pleasure of nailing Lightning Ben Franklin on the back of the head with a beer can as the American hurriedly fled the ring.

And thus did Alfredo Evangelista take one giant step closer to getting his third shot at the heavyweight championship of the world.

Ask Bill Lee

Montreal Expos pitcher Bill Lee responds to this month's question: *If life is a golf course, where are we today?*

"I don't know, but wherever we are, we were shanked."

Send your questions to Bill Lee in care of SPORT, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll print more of his answers next month.

OVERTIME!

Gassing the Fans

Hemmed-in Americans have spent the last ten months at home suffering from gas pains. Gas seems to be plentiful enough for the time being, but given the high price of fuel (the national aver-

Only the New England Patriots, who play in Foxboro, Mass., seemed concerned about the crisis. Located 26 miles from Boston, Schaefer Stadium is close to a spur of the city's mass transit system. The team has nevertheless in-



age for regular hovers around a dollar a gallon) and the country's energy-raised consciousness, it seems prudent for teams, more and more of which are located in the suburbs, to cater to the problems of a gas-pinch country and its avid sports fans.

Few teams we spoke with, however, had made any contingency plans for the fuel problem. A spokesman for the New York Giants, who play in East Rutherford, N.J. (on Sundays, of course; days on which nary a gas station was open recently), said, "We don't expect any problems. Our tickets are sold out."

The Capital Centre in Landover, Md., is home of the NBA's Washington Bullets and the NHL's Washington Capitals, and lies well beyond the reach of the D.C. Metro subway system. While buses are available, access roads are few. The Centre's management is contemplating putting in a buses-only road, but hasn't reached a decision yet. "Despite the gas shortage," said a Bullets spokesman, "we don't expect lower attendance. Our fans don't care what they have to pay."

A Cleveland Cavaliers official agreed that fans will pay any price to see a winner. "People will always have a dollar to see the Cavaliers play," he said, even though the Cavs play in the Richfield (O.) Coliseum some 26 miles from downtown Cleveland.

Out in Southern California's Anaheim Stadium, the pennant-contending Angels have some experience with gas shortages. But Angel spokesman Red Patterson says, "The energy crisis may have helped us because the folks nearby are coming here instead of going away on vacation."

augurated an "Energy Saver Plan." Says one official: "We've made a list of our season ticket holders and organized them by locale. We have sent fans lists of others living in the same area to encourage car-pooling."

The Patriots' alert approach to conservation seems the most sensible. Traffic and energy consumption stand to be lessened by their wise move.

Alive and Kicking

Relations between the U.S. and Mexico have been cool lately, but nowhere cooler than on the soccer field. When the Mexican Olympic team defeated the Americans in a home-and-home series earlier this year, the Americans sought Mexico's disqualification for using professional players. FIFA (Federation Internationale de Football Association), the sport's governing body, was expected to side with the Americans.

"They took an entire team from the first division of their professional league to play us," says U.S. team coach Walt Chyzowych. "The team's name was Union de Curtidores, and since they had finished in third place, they didn't have to play in their playoffs."

The final score of the first game in the series was, as one Mexican newspaper headlined it: Curtidores 4, U.S. 0. The Mexicans won the return match 2-0. "It was like taking the New York Cosmos and calling them the U.S. Olympic team," complains Chyzowych.

The Mexicans had liberally interpreted a clause in last year's FIFA ruling that World Cup team members from Africa, Asia, North America, Central America and the Caribbean could play on Olympic teams provided they

retained amateur standing. In this day and age, that standing is murky at best. It could be argued by some (in Spanish, no doubt) that such American soccer Olympians as Rick Davis and David Brice of the Cosmos and Tony Crudo and Perry Van Der Beck of Tampa Bay are every bit as professional as the Mexicans. Davis retains his Olympic standing, like the others, by entering personal services contracts and getting paid for clinics and personal appearances—not for playing soccer.

For not availing themselves of this dodge, the Mexicans were facing the boot. This sets up a home-and-home series between the U.S. and Bermuda beginning this month. If the Americans survive that series and triumph in the zone finals later on, they will make the final 16 at Moscow next year. But all the protesting in the world won't help the Americans there against the Eastern Bloc countries and their so-called "amateur" teams. They've got the rules beat anyway, however much other countries or FIFA want to finagle with them.

Air Safety

The man who invented the "flak jacket" for Oilers quarterback Dan Pastorini in the '78 NFL playoffs, Byron Donzis of Houston, has developed a complete set of football pads that may revolutionize the game. The pads feature shock-absorbing, air-inflated tubes that can be slammed by a baseball bat without affecting the wearer.

Last May, Donzis' new equipment was tested by two Miami Dolphin players, Bob Simpson and Eric Laakso, who were observed by Dolphin coach Don Shula and filmed by the league. "We tested it because it is lighter and covers more area," Shula said. "But it's a long



way yet from implementation."

"The cosmetics are not all that pleasing," Donzis admitted. "We need to trim them down some and I need to learn more about fastening devices. But the equipment is fine."

Yet Donzis feared the NFL players may have psychological problems with the new gear. "They're used to wearing 25 pounds of stuff, which makes you feel secure. My equipment weighs just four pounds, 13 ounces. Mentally, pro players aren't ready for that."

The NFL wisely will continue its tests, a very good sign according to Pastorini, who won't play this season without the security of a Donzis flak jacket.

Fracturing the NHL

The National Hockey League opens its 63rd season this month with 21 teams including the four new "expansion" teams acquired from the defunct World Hockey Association. But in its haste to add the four WHA teams (Hartford, Edmonton, Quebec and Winnipeg)—thus ending a talent war that lasted seven years—the NHL has come up with a poor divisional structure and schedule that seems to have little chance of generating fan enthusiasm.

The league did not group the teams in approximate geographical divisions which could have heightened natural rivalries. The NHL Board of Governors also approved a schedule which calls for each team in the league to play all the others four times, so, for instance, the New York Rangers will play their arch rivals the Islanders as often as they play the Edmonton Oilers.

The new playoff format calls for a 16-team Stanley Cup playoff battle, an increase of four teams. With 80 games being played by each team to eliminate just five teams, one wonders why a season need be played at all.

Though the league says the present structure is only temporary, there are no alternate plans on the drawing board and the NHL has consistently resisted any radical changes in the sport.

Werner the Burner

Ask any race-car driver why he races and chances are good he'll say, "To go fast and to win." But if the racer is 43-year-old Werner Erhard, philosophizing of *est* (Erhard Seminars Training) and pilot of a 160-mph Formula Super Vee—he'll say: "It's much more than driving fast. I wanted a model, a test bed, in which I could research the question, 'What is the communication that will allow people to realize within themselves the qualities which they need in

order to fulfill the opportunity to make the world work for everyone?'"

Five days at Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving proved to Werner that racing held the answer to his question. Racing a Super Vee (a single-seat, open-wheeled racer), said Erhard, "looked to me like a complete model for the larger world. It leaves out none of the qualities of life, even though—as a good model must—it



condenses life into a facsimile that is clearer, more simple, and allows us to see the relationship of input and output more quickly and more easily."

To find the answer to his penetrating question, Werner assembled the "research group" Breakthrough Racing—staffed by a dozen (all but the racing manager are *est*-niks) and budgeted over \$1 million—and began

racing last spring. Werner completed his first 16 events (including six pro races) with seven victories, two second-place finishes and ten track records.

For a man who says he doesn't care if he wins or not—and who contends that racing is much more than going fast—Erhard seems to have spent his million pretty effectively. Though ranked seventh in the professional Robert Bosch Gold Cup series, Erhard has positively humiliated all the veteran amateur Super Vee racers at the national level. Ah, the research that money can buy.

Said and Done

□ Chicago Bears rookie defensive tackle Dan Hampton, the team's No. 1 draft pick out of Arkansas, on who were the toughest offensive linemen he faced last year: "Can I be candid about it? I didn't have much trouble with anyone last season."

□ New York Yankee relief pitcher Jim Kaat, on whether he will pitch in 1980, a feat which would make him one of a handful of players whose career spanned four decades: "I'm not pitching to become a trivia question."

□ A spokesman for the Joe Torre Little League in Brooklyn, N.Y., after returning 150 free tickets the Mets had offered the League: "We only had two people from our whole league who wanted to see the Mets play. We even had a free bus, but nobody was interested."

New Products

Once upon a time, homespun athletes played every game and jogged every mile in sneakers worn over unreliable cotton or wool crew socks. Crew socks never failed to swirl down around your ankles, where they would be dragged into the heel of your shoe. Who knows how many plays were muffed because players were grabbing to hitch up their legwear? But those problems are now a thing of the past. As athletic footwear has become specialized, so have socks from such manufacturers as Russell National Sport Socks and a new entry in the market, ABC Sport Socks. These manufacturers sell socks for nearly every kind of sport with special elastic support in each of them. For soccer you get foot, ankle and shin supports; for jogging there are glow-in-the-dark colors. They come in prices, sizes and styles that no athlete—homespun or not—should miss. You can find them at local department or sporting-goods stores for as little as \$1.50 a pair.



Socks for every jock: (left) ABC Sport Sock's glowing jogger's sock, dark-colored soccer model and others for racket sports. At right, Russell's super-supportive soccer sock.

OVERTIME!

OLYMPIC GOLD DIGGERS

The Silent Sprinter

by Carrie Seidman

They make an incongruous couple: coach Pat Connolly is tall, muscular and blond. Her pupil, Evelyn Ashford, is nearly a foot shorter, spindly-legged and as dark as Connolly is fair. Almost every morning at UCLA's Drake Stadium, Connolly watches Ashford run, legs churning slowly and evenly in warmup laps, then whirring like an egg-beater when she shifts into a sprint.

By all accounts, 22-year-old Evelyn Ashford is the best female sprinter in the United States and America's only hope to regain past glory in women's sprinting at the Olympics. To win a gold medal in Moscow, Ashford has to go just beyond her current level of performance, and judging from her rate of improvement so far, she has a good chance.

At the 1976 Olympics, Ashford finished fifth in the 100 meters with an 11.24 clocking. Last June, in the AAU Nationals, she became only the second woman—and the first American—to break the 11-second barrier in the event. In the 200 meters, her "favorite race," Ashford set a new American record of 22.42 in the semifinals of last summer's Pan-American Games. Then she bettered it in the finals with a 22.24, which was ineligible for a record because it was wind-aided. She won the 100, too, making her the first American woman since Wilma Rudolph in 1960 to take both events in the Pan-Am Games.

Much of the credit for this progress is due to Connolly, who monitored Ashford for three years as head women's track coach at UCLA before leaving that post to work with Ashford full time. Now they follow a rigorous schedule that includes running 440s and 880s to build up Ashford's strength, and sprinting in the sand of Santa Monica beach to improve calf power and increase knee-lift.

By next summer, Ashford must be ready to take on her two toughest competitors, Marita Koch and Marlies Gohr, both East Germans. Koch, the odds-on favorite to take the gold in both the 100 and 200 meters, has run under 11 seconds several times in the former and has broken the fabled 22-second barrier in the latter. Gohr is close behind.

Ashford has recently moved into international rankings with the East Ger-



Evelyn Ashford (right) collected gold at the Pan-Am Games and looks ahead to Moscow.

mans, but "the key to her success in Moscow," says Steve Wennerstrom, assistant women's track coach at UCLA, "is to make good times consistently."

"Overall, what sets her apart," says Wennerstrom, "is that she is so technically sound. She has excellent body carriage, fluid body motion and extremely quick leg action."

Ashford's weaknesses so far have been her start—she doesn't explode out of the blocks fast enough—and her strength and stamina, which is the reason for all the long-distance training. The training regimen, which Ashford says "varies from day to day, but is always hard," also includes refusing all requests for interviews.

It is this last requirement that has earned Ashford and Connolly the most attention. Although friends of Ashford characterize her as outgoing, even gregarious, under the watchful eye of her coach, her words are guarded when she agrees to deliver any at all.

Connolly herself is tight-lipped, answering queries by pointing to Ashford and saying, "She's the one who's doing it. I'm just trying to guide it and make some intelligence out of it."

Sprinting is a notoriously high-concentration pursuit: every movement, every millisecond counts. Sprinters are prone to injury, exhaustion and psychological stress, and the question that surfaces now, as Ashford finishes a spring and summer of constant competition, demanding workouts, intense pressure and enforced isolation, is whether Ashford can maintain her will.

Scott Chisam, who was assistant coach for the Bruins' women's track team during Ashford's early years there,

feels Ashford is up to the challenge. "In my mind, there is no such thing as peaking—only poor coaching. Evelyn is not your ordinary athlete. Every year she works harder than the year before, and anything she is told she files and remembers. There's no way you'll see her go stale next year—she's still got a lot to prove. And Pat has some cards she hasn't even played yet."

"Evelyn's biggest asset is that she's very bright. She's never overconfident. She's still scared before a race and she's still overjoyed when she wins."

"People will criticize Pat for keeping Evelyn so isolated," Chisam continues, "but people aren't just asking if she'll win a medal, they're expecting her to win the gold. And that's an extremely pressure-filled situation."

Last July, following her triumph at the Pan-Am Games, Ashford was already weary from the intensity.

"I'm finding it very hard to concentrate right now," she admitted. "It seems like I'm losing interest. I've got to get my head together again. It's been such a long, lo-oong season," she said, drawing out the word. "There's been so much going on so close together. And I still have so much work to do."

Lying limply on the grass at Drake Stadium, still gasping after a 440 in which she failed to meet Connolly's demands, Ashford sighed with fatigue. "Sometimes I ask myself why I do it. After a hard workout, when I can hardly move and my mouth feels like paste, I ask myself, 'Is it all worth it?'"

That will be answered in Moscow, where Ashford will discover whether the work, the pressure and the isolation have been worth their weight in gold.



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*Charles White joins an illustrious list of Trojan
running backs—Mike Garrett, O.J. Simpson and Ricky Bell—
as the newest candidate for college football's most coveted trophy*



It's Heisman Time Again at USC

by DAVID SHAW

Heritage Hall. The on-campus shrine of athletic greatness, past and present, at the University of Southern California. An entire floor covered by massive, glass cases filled with glistening gold trophies—63 NCAA championships (almost twice as many as any other school), 34 Olympic champions, 79 football All-Americans . . . champions in virtually every sport. Even the railing around the second-floor staircase has hundreds of bronze commemorative medals embedded in the wood—one for every USC All-America, NCAA champion and Olympic gold medal winner. In the office of the school's football-coaching staff is another reminder of USC's heritage: a giant plaque in SC colors—cardinal and gold—bearing the legend "Trojan Football Records," and beneath those words, a seemingly endless list: "Most Points Scored in One Season: O.J. Simpson 138 . . . Most Yards Gained Rushing Career: Anthony Davis 3,724 . . . Most Yards Rushing in One Season: Ricky Bell 1,957 . . ."

Into this shrine one day in the fall of 1976 strode 5-foot-11, 183-pound Charles Raymond White, freshman tailback, recruited by USC after a spectacular career at San Fernando High School, the same school that had spawned Anthony Davis.

Gesturing toward the Heisman Trophies won by Simpson (1968) and Garrett (1965), White said, "I'm gonna win me one or two of those."

Two Heismans? Only Archie Griffin ever won two. Some pretty fair college runners—Jim Brown, Gale Sayers, Hugh McElhenny—never won any. But Charles White was going to win "one or two."

John Jackson, the USC backfield coach, shakes his head when he remembers the Charles White of those days, and says, "When you're just out of high school, going to a school with one of the premier running backs in the country

[Bell], someone who just gained almost 2,000 yards in one season, you just don't give everyone the impression that you expect to take his job away in two weeks. But that's sure the impression Charlie gave anyone who listened to him."

Not that White was obnoxious or boorish. Just cocky. He knew he was good and he didn't hesitate to say so. "There wasn't ever any question in Charlie's mind that he was going to be a very successful football player here," Jackson says. "He was a very ambitious young man. That's good. We look for ambition. A guy who plays the tailback position at USC has to want to be the best. He has to think he can be. But Charlie . . ." His voice trails off.

On the questionnaire that USC athletes are asked to fill out, there is a line for "Athletic Honors Won." White wrote: "All-America . . . All-Conference 20 years in a row."

White, says SC head coach John Robinson, "was a somewhat impetuous young man; some of this manifested itself in cockiness. You don't know what to say, so you brag."

But Trojan tailbacks aren't permitted to brag. Being the tailback at USC is like being a Cabot or a Lowell in Boston. One Just Doesn't Do Certain Things. So coach Jackson, an ex-Marine, set about teaching White a few lessons.

"They had some real shouting matches," Robinson says. "Sometimes I'd cringe. Charles had some street con in him, but Jackson wouldn't let him get away with saying he'd do something or be somewhere if he wasn't going to. John would scream at him, 'You're a liar, you're a liar,' and actually question him as a man. Pretty soon, Charles would shrug and say, 'Okay.'"

Says Jackson now: "I just wasn't going to let him b.s. me."

Neither street con nor street cool was accepted in Jackson's office, and when White came slouching in with two high school buddies one afternoon—all three of them wearing sunglasses—Jackson said, "All right, just turn around and walk out that door and don't come back until you can act like real people."

Today, White is "real people." He's a senior, an All-America, the holder of almost every Trojan rushing record—and the preseason co-favorite (with 1978 winner Billy Sims of Oklahoma) to win the Heisman Trophy this season, after finishing fourth in the balloting last year. More significantly, to Robinson and Jackson, White has become the consummate team player—the human being as well as the athlete they thought he would become when they recruited him.

Scene: The USC lockerroom after the team's 38-7 victory over Oregon State en route to the 1978 national championship in the UPI poll. White has just sat out the fourth quarter. An interviewer asks if he thinks he should have played that fourth quarter and possibly increased his statistics in the Heisman race against Sims. White: "It doesn't matter to me as long as we win. I really believe that if you win, everything else takes care of itself. What they do at Oklahoma doesn't bother me."

Scene: The sidelines in Birmingham, Ala. after USC's 24-14 upset victory over No. 1 rated Alabama last year. White has carried the ball 29 times for 199 yards—more yardage than Alabama had yielded to the entire Nebraska team two weeks earlier. 'Bama coach Bear Bryant has already told newsmen, "I can't remember ever playing against a tailback that can run like that White," and now White is finishing a postgame interview with ABC-TV. Scores of youngsters are gathered around, looking and listening and shouting for autographs. An ABC escort starts to guide White through the throng, brushing the kids aside and saying White has no more time. White stops. "I've got the time," he says. "I'm signing for every kid here." And he does just that, chatting amiably with each one as he writes.

In the lockerroom a few minutes later, someone congratulates White on his first-quarter touchdown, when he had taken a pitchout, broken two tackles, cut back and raced 40 yards to put USC ahead to stay. White nods his thanks and quickly says: "Without our offensive line, I wouldn't be the person I am. They

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White ran into the guerrilla warriors of Michigan's defense in the 1979 Rose Bowl, but the explosive tailback still gained 99 yards in 32 carries and scored the winning TD in USC's 17-10 victory.

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White *continued*

do it all. They're great." Then—borrowing from the O.J. Simpson Handbook on Humility for Heisman Candidates in the USC Backfield—White proceeds to tick off the names of every man in his offensive line.

Scene: Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. USC, as usual, is beating up the not-so-Golden Bears of the University of California, en route to a 42-17 victory. Suddenly the Trojans' giant offensive tackle Anthony Munoz collapses to the ground in obvious pain. Three assistant coaches rush onto the field and help hoist the 6-foot-7, 280-pound Munoz onto a makeshift gurney and wheel him to the sidelines. The Trojans huddle for the next play. Except for White, who is on the sidelines hugging Munoz and whispering words of encouragement to him.

Another athletic shrine—some 30 miles away from the gleaming gold of USC's Heritage Hall. It's the living room of a small, beige stucco house in a black section of San Fernando. Charles White's grandparents live here. He lived here too—for more than 15 years. When Charles was four, his father left home. Charles' mother moved herself and her

three sons into her own mother's house for a while—until Charles' mother was able to start over on her own, in south-central Los Angeles—in the ghetto that came to be known as Watts. But Charles and his brothers didn't like Watts.

"The kids there didn't play games," he says now. "They just fought and lorded things over you."

So Charles and his brothers moved back in with grandma. And Charles stayed there until he enrolled at USC—where, on his "USC Athletic Personnel Information" questionnaire, he filled out the line marked "Parents' Names" with the names "Bertha Leggett and Jesse Leggett." His grandparents.

Mrs. Leggett is in her late 60s—a quiet, unschooled lady from a small town in Mississippi—and White is a famous, poised, college-educated young man. But the two remain very close, and her living room is filled with pictures of White and with trophies and plaques and gold medallions attesting to his athletic successes. There's a picture of President Kennedy on the wall, too, and several pictures and statues of Jesus, but it is Charles White whose presence

With his 145-yard day vs. UCLA in '78, White set a new USC rushing record.

dominates the room. There's a picture of White in his Kodak All-America sweater, White and all his 1977 USC teammates, White running track, White scoring a touchdown in the 1977 Rose Bowl, White . . .

Does Mrs. Leggett attend USC games to see her grandson play?

"No. I'm too old for that. I listen at the radio. I don't care what I be doing, I listen."

Was White a problem for her? Did she see any of the cockiness that his coaches recall now?

"No. He and his brothers got to be good around me. I'm a church lady."

There wasn't much money in the Leggett household when White was growing up—his grandmother ultimately helped raise nine grandchildren—and to this day, he can remember that the biggest disappointment of his life came in the eighth grade, when he didn't have \$30 to pay for his uniform and medical insurance after he'd made the local Pop Warner football team.

But White told his grandmother and



they both spoke to the coach, and it was agreed that Charlie could play on the team and pay off his \$30 at the rate of \$2.50 every week or so.

"He played wide receiver at first," says Kenney Moore, a teammate then and now (the USC defensive back is White's closest friend on the team). The two have known each other since they were both five, and Moore says White was "something special" from the moment he first picked up a football.

He was also instinctively combative. "It took me quite a while to get over the idea that when someone tackles you, you shouldn't swing at him," White says. "Every time I got tackled, I got into a fight. I got thrown out of the first Pop Warner game I ever played in for getting up swinging." He laughs.

"By the time he got to the tenth grade, he was a quarterback," Moore recalls. "It was the 'B' team, and they didn't have anyone else very good, so Charlie just kept calling his own number and running all the plays."

At first, White tried to emulate the Anthony Davis-style of running. "He told me to run with my knees high so I wouldn't get my legs messed up," White says. But White soon developed his own style—knees not quite so high, a quicker start, ball tucked tightly under his arm—and when he joined the varsity as a junior, he played fullback in a wishbone offense and averaged 9.5 and 9.9 yards per carry the next two years. He gained more than 1,100 yards each season and was named an All-America.

"Charlie has always been very competitive," Kenney Moore says. "He wants to win at everything. Football, track, backgammon, dominoes, cards. He gives it all he's got."

In keeping with his new image of staid propriety and gentle altruism, White now tries to play down his zeal for victory, but when pressed, he'll admit to "playing pool one time with a girl who beat me. She just kept talking about it, and there was no way I was going home until I had beat her. I had to wait through three other guys—and she beat every one—to get another chance. A lot of people were watching and that made it worse. But I finally beat her." Moore thinks that this kind of competitive fire, combined with White's early success, may have contributed to his initial cockiness at USC. There was one other factor in the equation: exposure. "Even in high school, our games were always on local TV," Moore says.

"No other great USC tailback ever had the pressure on him like Charles did right from the beginning of his freshman year," coach Robinson notes. "Most of the guys didn't get coverage until they were sophomores or juniors."

But by the time White arrived, freshmen were eligible to play on the varsity team, and White played quite a bit. In SC's season-opener that year, the University of Missouri came to Los Angeles and stunned the Trojans, 46-25. But White did admirably. Filling in for Ricky Bell, he broke four tackles on a six-yard touchdown sweep in the third quarter, then came back in the fourth quarter to sweep left end, reverse his field and race 79 yards for a second TD. By game's end, he had gained 93 yards on six rushes from scrimmage and had another

60 yards on three kickoff returns.

Three times during the regular season, White rushed for more than 100 yards a game. In the Rose Bowl against Michigan, Bell was injured after the first five minutes. Enter White for what he still calls "the biggest thrill of my life." He carried 32 times, gained 114 yards and SC won, 14-6.

That's about a normal day's work for a USC tailback. Beginning with Mike Garrett, USC had installed an 'I' formation offense that featured a game-breaking tailback who invariably carried

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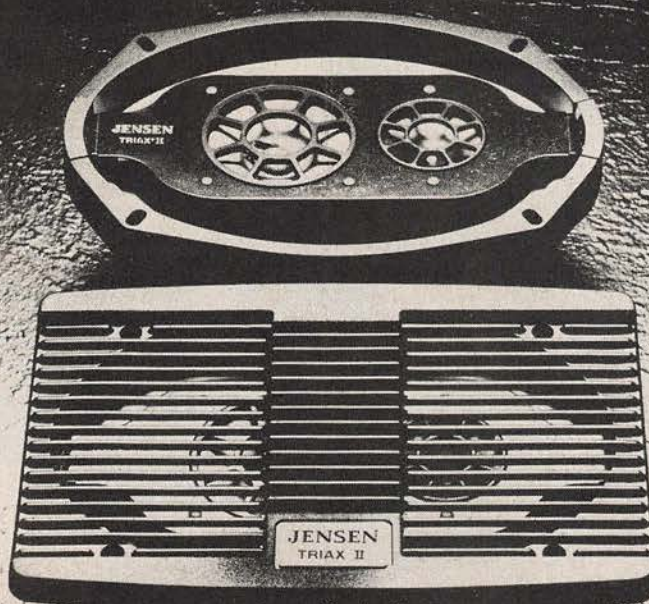
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White *continued*

the ball 30 or more times. Although coach Robinson has put more versatility into the Trojan offense—250 passes in each of the past two seasons, compared to an average of 157 during John McKay's last two years—the tailback is still the workhorse on the team.

White has averaged 31 carries and 133 yards a game in his last two years at SC. Not including bowl games, he's run for 3,795 yards—school and conference records. Last year, he gained 1,859 yards (including yardage obtained in the Rose Bowl), scored 13 touchdowns and caught 22 passes. If he rushes for 1,383 yards this year—a figure he's surpassed each of the past two years—he'll vault from 15th place to second place (behind Tony Dorsett) on the NCAA all-time rushing list.

How does White compare with the other great running backs Robinson has seen at USC and as an assistant coach at Oakland? "You never see defeat in his eyes. He has more endurance than anyone I've ever seen. The only thing that might keep him from being mentioned with O.J. and Jim Brown as the best ever

is size. They had about two inches and 20 pounds on him.

"But he's tough. You look at the game films, and when he isn't carrying the ball, you see him running all over the field like a crazy man, trying to find someone to block. None of our tailbacks here have ever done that before."

Will White win the Heisman his senior year, his last chance to make good on the boast he made as a freshman? With Sims returning at Oklahoma, it will be tough. USC figures to have another fine team—eight offensive starters and

seven defensive starters return from last year's Rose Bowl champions—but quarterback Paul McDonald could be the school's first All-America at that position, and Robinson plans to exploit McDonald's passing skills more this season. More passing usually means less running—and fewer chances for White to impress sportswriters. White, who has tended to lose concentration as a pass receiver, worked hard on that phase of his game in the off-season, and Robinson promises to throw to him more this season. Increased yardage as a receiver may compensate for decreased yardage as a runner. But the fullbacks who did much of White's blocking the last two years have graduated, and the Trojans are left with Marcus Allen (No. 3 tailback last year) who, according to an SC source, "has never blocked in his life."

USC certainly isn't shy about promoting White's Heisman candidacy. A five-page, statistics-and-quote-filled "inside look at USC's Heisman Trophy candidate" was mailed to all sportswriters last fall, and another one will go out early this season. But Jim Perry, the school's Sports Information Director, is wary of the all-out media blitz many schools put forth at Heisman time.

Besides, when White's not carrying the football, he isn't that easy to promote. He's talented, but he's also quiet.

"I don't really know him very well," Perry says. "He's a very private guy. I haven't spent much time with him."

Neither has anyone else. He's lived in an off-campus apartment and spends most of the time studying or practicing football. On a warm day, he might drive to the beach in the eight-year-old Jensen-Healey he bought from his high school coach.

Having changed his major from photography to speech/communications, White expects to graduate on time next June, a rarity for big-time football All-Americans. Then, after "eight or nine years of pro ball," White says calmly, he'd like to become a TV newscaster.

"I'd rather be a news commentator than do sports because it's more of a challenge. I like challenges."

That's why he elected to take a course in Russian his senior year—and why he got a head start on his TV career by working at Universal Studios as an extra. He has played a spectator in the fight crowd in the movie *The Champ* and been on TV as a crewman in *Battlestar Galactica* and a technician in *Quincy*.

"I haven't had a speaking role yet," he says, "but that'll come. I have to learn first." He has to learn. Now that's the attitude for a USC tailback. And a very proper attitude for a Heisman Trophy winner. □



White's Rose Bowl-winning TD was a miscall by officials (below), but at game's end Charlie clowned (above) with co-MVP Rick Leach of Michigan.



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George Steinbrenner

by DAVE ANDERSON

Perhaps the most celebrated and controversial clubowner in sports is George M. Steinbrenner III, the principal owner of the New York Yankees, the man responsible for assembling "the best team money can buy" that won the World Series in 1977 and '78.

Now 49 years old, Steinbrenner was deeply involved in business and politics long before he took command of the Yankees in 1973 and promised to return the team to its onetime glory. But he also had a sports background.

The son of a college champion hurdler, he ran the low hurdles at Williams College and was a halfback on the football team. After his graduation, he coached high school football and basketball in his hometown of Columbus, O., then was an assistant football coach at both Northwestern and Purdue before joining his family's Great Lakes shipping business in 1957. Later,

in the early '60s, he was part-owner of the Cleveland Pipers in the short-lived American Basketball League.

Despite a loss of at least \$25,000 in that basketball venture, in 1967 he purchased the family firm, Kinsman Marine Transit Company, from his father; and, as chairman, parlayed its five ore, grain and coal carriers into the American Ship Building Company. With headquarters in Tampa, Fla., the company has soared to more than \$130 million in annual sales.

In addition to other corporate and civic interests, Steinbrenner has invested in thoroughbred horse racing and the Broadway theater.

Not long ago George Steinbrenner sat at the big round table he uses as a desk in his plush Yankee Stadium office overlooking the playing field while SPORT interviewed him. Asking the questions was Dave Anderson, a sports columnist for The New York Times and a frequent contributor to SPORT for nearly 20 years.

SPORT: As the owner of a baseball team, was being in



The New York Yankees owner enjoys recalling two World Series wins and how Reggie Jackson earned his MVP. But Steinbrenner isn't forgetting to plan for victory next year.

your first World Series a greater thrill than winning it?

STEINBRENNER: I think the greatest feeling I ever had in sports was not the two winning World Series but in 1976, even though we lost the Series to the Reds that year. When I stood for the national anthem at the opening game in Riverfront Stadium, I said to myself, "My God, we're here, this is the World Series." I don't believe I've ever had a thrill like that. I've won a Tony Award as co-producer with my partners for [Broadway musical] *Applause*, but I don't think I've ever had a thrill like I did the day that '76 World Series opened.

SPORT: Why was that a bigger thrill than winning the Series?

STEINBRENNER: Because it was the first time under my ownership, because we had worked so hard to get there and simply because it was the World Series.

In my opinion, there are five

great events in sports—the World Series, the Kentucky Derby, a big heavyweight championship fight, the Indianapolis 500 and the Super Bowl. The magnitude of those events is so stupendous that it overwhelms you if you're in it.

SPORT: How many of the big five have you been in?

STEINBRENNER: I've had three cars in the 500 as a small partner with [Detroit businessman] Pat Patrick. Our drivers were Gordon Johncock, Steve Krisiloff and Wally Dahlenbach, but just being on that track when they said, "Gentlemen, start your engines"—that's one of those moments. And there's nothing like the Kentucky Derby when you have a horse parading to the post as I did with Steve's Friend two years ago. But the excitement of a big heavyweight championship fight, like the first Ali-Frazier fight, that's something special. And so is the Super Bowl.

SPORT: Is the World Series the biggest of the five?

STEINBRENNER: I naturally favor the World Series

continued

because I've been in it and I've won it, and I would say that the World Series is by far the biggest worldwide.

SPORT: How did you feel when you won your first World Series in 1977?

STEINBRENNER: Winning it against the Dodgers was great for me because I knew the feelings in New York—it was a confrontation that goes back to the greatest days in baseball: the old Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees. Having the Dodgers playing against us was a great thrill. And to bring the championship twice



"He [Reggie Jackson] showed that he rises to the occasion and can carry a whole club by himself"

to New York against the Dodgers, that was something, particularly last year after being down two games. After we lost the second game in Los Angeles, we flew back that night and when we were surrounded by thousands of people at Newark Airport, I knew it wasn't over. I knew that Reggie Jackson would come back after striking out that night against Bob Welch for the last out. I would have bet my last dollar that Welch better enjoy it now, because, "Kid, Reggie is going to nail your hide." Coming back and winning the Series in four straight was important for New York, because the city was so down then. Since then the whole atmosphere of the city has changed. The Yankees were just a small part of it, but that's when the hotels started to get crowded, the city financing came through, everybody began to take pride in the city.

SPORT: How did you feel at the sixth game of the '77 Series when Jackson hit three home runs and won the MVP Award?

STEINBRENNER: It was great. It was a vindication for me after everybody had been so critical of me for signing him. He showed that he rises to the occasion and can carry a whole club by himself.

SPORT: Will not being in the Series be a heartache?

STEINBRENNER: Not at all. In this day of balanced baseball, you can't expect to be in it every year like the old days when the Yankees were winning every year. In those years you didn't have the draft, you didn't have the dilution of talent by expansion, you didn't have free agents. It's now a game of relatively equal teams and that's where your management organization makes the difference. But if I had to pinpoint one thing that happened to us this year that cost us the pennant, I'd say it was the injury to Goose Gossage. Don't slice it any other way. His fight with Cliff Johnson and his resultant thumb injury cost us ten games.

SPORT: What about the effect of Thurman Munson's death when his private plane crashed?

STEINBRENNER: His death was devastating to me. He was as close to me as any player we have. And since then I've noticed the other players seem to be searching for a leader. We never knew how much he would be missed until he died.

SPORT: Why do you think the Yankees were plagued with so many injuries this season?

STEINBRENNER: I don't know if those injuries occurred because we didn't run hard enough in spring training or not. I said it in spring training and I got criticized for it. I said, "We're not working hard enough, we're not running hard enough." I saw those other teams out there running and we weren't running. We were jogging and loafing. That day is finished. Any guy who doesn't want to work is gone now. I'm not going to tolerate it.

SPORT: Is that why Mickey Rivers was traded?

STEINBRENNER: I won't pinpoint Mickey because I'll never say that about a player. Mickey gave me a couple of great years. But those players who don't want to put out 100 percent all the time are not going to remain with the Yankees. But to get back to whether I'd feel bad if we're not in the World Series this year, let me say this—that the job my people have done in building our player-development system and our scouting system will exceed the job they did in putting together three pennants and two World Series over the last three years. I've got some kids coming who are just unreal.

SPORT: Is the development of the Yankee farm system a hedge against a change in the free-agent rules?

STEINBRENNER: I pegged our farm system to begin producing big next season and the year after, principally the 1981 season, because, yes, the free-agent system probably will change somewhat. They can't do away with it completely in the new basic agreement that will be negotiated this winter, but there has got to be some form of stiffer compensation like pro football has. In baseball, draft choices aren't enough because a draft choice is a long wait, maybe five years. It's not like pro football where a draft choice comes out of college and plays right away.

SPORT: What are you most proud of in restoring the Yankees' glory?

STEINBRENNER: Putting together the organization. You keep reading in the newspapers how everybody in the front office bails out on me, but we did a study the other day on that and just about everybody has gone on to bigger jobs. [Former Yankee general manager] Lee MacPhail is the American League president, [former vice-president] Bob Fishel is Lee's assistant, [former coordinator of player development] Pat Gillick is running the Toronto club, [former executive vice-president] Tal Smith is the Houston president, [former president] Al Rosen has a big job in an Atlantic City casino—I call him the mayor of Atlantic City now. Even my assistant trainer, little fat Herman Schneider, a helluva nice young kid, he's the White Sox head trainer now. So people are always coming after my people.

SPORT: How do you equate having a good front-office organization with putting quality players on the field?

STEINBRENNER: Equal. The ballclub on the field has to do it for you, but your scouts have to tell you who the ballplayers are and whether they fit. We've managed to

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come up with a great fit. At the same time, we've also had the superstars who draw. Reggie Jackson, Ron Guidry, even Bucky Dent—all the young kids love Bucky Dent. We've got players people want to see. We've averaged over 30,000 a game on the road this year. Those other clubs should kiss us. And the TV people will tell you if they put a Yankee game on, they're up 14, 15 points in the ratings. We've put together a solid organization. I credit three men: [vice-president of player development] Jack Butterfield, [director of scouting] Bill Bergesch and [general manager] Cedric Tallis. [Former president] Gabe Paul certainly helped. He gave me a lot of good advice. So did Al Rosen. Another thing is we've raised the player-development and scouting budget from \$700,000 to \$2 million per year. All the time everybody was yelling about our signing free agents, we were also spending money to develop players. The Angels bought more players than I'll ever buy. When you start talking about the best team money can buy, the Red Sox have as many free agents as we do—they just didn't pay as much. We're not near having the biggest payroll in major-league baseball.

SPORT: Which team does?

STEINBRENNER: I'd say the Phillies, the Reds, the Angels, the Red Sox all have higher payrolls than ours. But while everybody was pointing at me and saying I'm buying a team, we were buying wiser and we were quietly building our minor-league system.

SPORT: Is a corporate-type organization necessary now in baseball? Is a family ownership, such as the Twins and Mets have, outdated?

STEINBRENNER: I'll hand this to the Twins, they've got a great manager in Gene Mauch and they've got a great baseball man in [owner] Calvin Griffith—a smart baseball man who has a smart organization. People knock Calvin all the time, but he's right up there banging on the door every season. As for the Mets, I like the de Roulets, but they kept professing that free agency would not work, that it would ruin baseball. But from day one of free agency, I said, "It's the law, the judge says it's the law, I'm not going to be involved in any agreements with any owners, I'm going to be involved in signing players." If the players are there, I'm going to try to sign them because I'm trying to win. The day I don't want to win for New York, that's the day I better get the hell out of the business.

SPORT: What about the report that you are thinking of getting out, of selling the Yankees?

STEINBRENNER: I wouldn't sell the New York Yankees for anything. There are only a few things in the world that there is only one of—there is only one New York Yankees—and if you're fortunate enough to have something like that, it's not something you talk about selling. Owning the Yankees is like owning the Mona Lisa. You don't sell it.

SPORT: Do the clubowners have too much power?

STEINBRENNER: To me, owners have not had

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enough power. I feel right now that Bowie Kuhn is a good commissioner and he's doing a good job. He's grown in the last three years into a good commissioner because he has listened to the young owners who have spoken up. In the last three years, the young owners have become deeply involved in baseball. Before that it was kind of a hobby for the older owners. They put their ballclubs in the hands of their general managers. But the negotiations with the Players Association changed all that. The general managers never had any experience



"Players who don't want to put out 100 percent all the time are not going to remain with the Yankees"

with those kind of labor negotiations. They're fine baseball men but they're not businessmen. [Executive director of the Players Association] Marvin Miller did a great job for the players but if some of the young owners who are businessmen had sat across the bargaining table, it might have been a different story.

SPORT: How do you apply the hard business principles of the shipbuilding industry to baseball?

STEINBRENNER: It's the same as my American Ship business. I believe public relations plays a large part in any business. And if I'm trying to sell a ship or sell a cargo, that takes public relations. You have to be a good salesman but you also have to be tough to be able to run a business. No business in the free-enterprise system—which is still the greatest system in the world—can exist unless the boss is tough.

SPORT: What do you mean by tough?

STEINBRENNER: You just don't go along with things. You have to be able to stand up and say no and take the heat. Like this sign here in my office—I show this to everybody who comes in here—"Lead, Follow or Get the Hell Out of the Way." That's the way it's got to be. And the top is the loneliest place. But business principles have to be applied to baseball, to any sport.

SPORT: Do you have a Ten Commandments of business that you follow?

STEINBRENNER: The only commandment I have is to go as much with gut reaction as I do with what I take out of a textbook. I believe that's the way you have to work with people because today business is people. And you've got to get along with people. I signed Reggie Jackson on gut reaction. I knew Reggie Jackson was New York, was show business. I learned that from Jimmy Nederlander, my partner in the Broadway theater. Jimmy told me New York was a star town and so we came in here with Lauren Bacall in *Applause*, and

she was great. Baseball is show business. How do you think we average 32,000 a game here? We've got stars, that's how. And baseball is learning how to sell all its stars in television. We did so much screaming at the commissioner—because we were only getting \$800,000 a year a club while the NBA teams were getting more than \$1 million and the NFL teams \$5 million—that Kuhn hired Tommy Villante to head his TV negotiations. Tommy and I have awful fights but the little sucker is a worker and he'll do the job for us. He's already doubled the amount each club gets.

SPORT: What does each club get now from television each year?

STEINBRENNER: Close to \$2 million. That's a lot of money. But let me tell you about something else I helped get changed—umpires' uniformity. During the 1977 World Series I got in hot water because I popped off about the umpires. The main point of my argument was not that the umpires were bad but that we had two sets of umpires, one in each league. And now it's been changed. Next year you'll see the umpires in both leagues wearing the same uniforms, positioning themselves in the same place, working the same strike zone.

SPORT: Do you have a pet peeve about ownership?

STEINBRENNER: Only that the commissioner's office and the league offices are quick to censure what an owner can say. That shouldn't be. I mean, if I want to say that a man is not a good umpire and express my personal opinion, I don't want to be censored for it. That's my right. And if the umpire wants to say, "Steinbrenner is a rotten owner," that's his right. The trouble in baseball today is that the commissioner's office and the league offices are disciplinarians only over the owners. They have no power over the players, Marvin Miller made sure of that. If they can't discipline baseball as a whole, they have no business zeroing in on the owners. As an owner, I resent that.

SPORT: Have you ever been fined?

STEINBRENNER: I was fined once a couple of years ago. But now I'm getting all my material together. I've got every single statement in the last two years made by anybody in baseball about an umpire. Over a hundred. If they try to fine me, I'm going to say, "Did you fine these guys?" Now that's one thing that makes baseball's antitrust exemption vulnerable. You have a constitutional right to freedom of speech.

SPORT: Is there a difference between being the chief executive officer of a major corporation and the chief executive officer of a ballclub?

STEINBRENNER: When you're running a major corporation, you make decisions every day, but the only time you're really held to account for your decisions is at the annual stockholders meeting. But most of the time you're making decisions involving billions of dollars that nobody knows about. When you own the Yankees, every time you make a decision, the next morning eight million people are judging you and the following morning 75 million people are judging you.

SPORT: What does the media mean to the Yankees?

STEINBRENNER: If you were U.S. Steel or any big corporation, you could not afford to buy the publicity the newspapers give you that makes people come to your games. No corporation in the world has that much money. So there is not enough value that can be put by the Yankees on newspapers and magazines, on TV and

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radio. As far as I'm concerned personally, they've condemned me. But when we delivered championships, they were there with a pat on the back and that's the way it's got to be. When they knock me, it's all right because they're like the umpires—99 percent of the time they're right. In the long run, a free press is what makes democracy work in this country.

SPORT: You're often described by the media as a "demanding" man to work for.

STEINBRENNER: I am. I'm very demanding—but I try not to demand anything more from the people who work with me than I demand of myself. I don't believe the nontough boss gets too far, especially with the competition all over the world today and in baseball. I think mental toughness is the No. 1 quality a business executive or a ballplayer needs.

SPORT: Have you gotten tough with a ballplayer?

STEINBRENNER: Mickey Rivers is the only player I've ever chewed out bad. I just hated to see so much talent wasted. As much talent as anybody in baseball. And just wasted.

SPORT: Some of your players have sniped at you—does that bother you?

STEINBRENNER: No, I wouldn't be happy if they didn't say things about me. When you have everybody content with the boss, your company is in trouble.

SPORT: Why is that?

STEINBRENNER: Go back to day one in history. Look at your great generals. The ones who really got the stuff done were the ones their troops bitched about. It's the same in sports.

SPORT: Speaking of discipline, you seem committed to Billy Martin as your manager now and in the future.

STEINBRENNER: I'm committed to Billy, yes. In my own mind, my relationship with Billy couldn't be better. He's a different guy than he was a year ago. But it's a fine line. I don't want him to change as a manager in the dugout during a game, but there are some things I do want him to change his thinking on: the conditioning of the team in spring training and the discipline of the team. But he's learning those things just as I'm learning his style. Mostly I want Billy to be a better organization man and he's doing it—reporting on stuff, paying attention to details, getting more interested in statistics—I'm big on statistics. But he's beautiful for me. The crowds love him. And he's a great manager in that dugout during a game.

SPORT: Did he change during his year away?

STEINBRENNER: I think he thought about it. I think when he came back he knew he had to prove something. He keeps saying that he's no different now, but it is different. He's more organized and he's more of an organization man. He's learning.

SPORT: What does he still have to learn?

STEINBRENNER: He has to learn that to make this Yankee organization a great organization, it isn't just what happens on the field in those 2½ hours during a game. There are many other facets to it. Every time we make a move, every time we do anything, we have to consider all those facets.

SPORT: And what did you learn from him?

STEINBRENNER: In sports, no matter what they say, umpire baiting is important, I know that when Billy goes out to talk to an umpire. They hate to see him coming. I watch their expression. They don't want Billy out there

because then the crowd is really on them. I know that's important. And naturally I like his strategy, the moves he makes. But one of the things I think he has to overcome is his reluctance to use young players. We're working to overcome that because I want to be able to go with young players now that I've got them coming. The other day he took me aside and told me, "We're going to get rid of some of these guys who don't want to play for the Yankees and get some kids in here who do. I can handle kids." That's what I've been waiting to hear.

SPORT: Will it be possible for Reggie Jackson to get along with Billy?

STEINBRENNER: The day Billy came back Reggie came up to see me and told me that he didn't think he could play for Billy, but I think he can. And looking at it psychologically, I don't mind putting myself in the

*"I think
mental
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is the No. 1
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needs"*



scapegoat position. I don't mind Reggie taking his shots at me if it helps make his relationship with Billy work. Like when Al Rosen resigned, Reggie took some shots at me, but Reggie doesn't understand that Al and I were pals for 25 years and we're still pals. But at the same time that Reggie is taking off at me, he's saying that Billy is doing a great job. That doesn't bother me at all, let him be aligned with Billy. I'd rather have Reggie and Billy getting along down there. That's more important than Reggie getting along with me up here.

SPORT: Will you go to the World Series this year even if the Yankees are not in it?

STEINBRENNER: I don't think so. You know what I want to do—go to some college football games. I miss college football. I want to see the Ohio State game when [Howard] Hop Cassidy is inducted into the Hall of Fame and I want to see one of Alabama's games. I love Bear Bryant, he's a great man. He's like a god in Alabama, that's what he is. We played an exhibition there in Tuscaloosa last year and Jack Warner, a close friend of mine who's a big industrialist down there, and myself were walking across the field with Bear when this big roar went up. You couldn't believe it. People standing, yelling and applauding. Jack Warner leaned over to me and said, "We're happy as hell to have the Yankees here, George, but don't get the idea that ovation is for you. All this noise is for the big man behind you." I looked back and Bear was waving. None of those people in the stands knew who I was. That put everything in perspective. □

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The Heroes of October Hold a Silver Jubilee

The MVP World Series Awards Are Twenty-Five Years Old

As the color guard half-steps onto the infield, an expectant hush falls over the World Series crowd and, indeed, over the nation.

It is a time of great moments and great memories—and countless stories. Among them is one that has been told before and will be told again. Movie star Marilyn Monroe was nearing the peak of her career when she toured Korea to entertain the troops. As one might expect of an audience of GIs who had just finished fighting a war, Monroe was a hit. When she returned to the States,

her husband Joe DiMaggio—who played a game Marilyn didn't really know much about—was waiting for her.

"You never *heard* such cheers!" she gushed.

DiMaggio smiled softly. "Yes I have," he said.

Everyone—no matter how shy or low-profile—has had a moment in his life when he was truly in the spotlight. An instant when the energy of a group—be it a room full of family or a crowded coliseum—is so concentrated that somehow, as if inspired by all of the

attention, that person performs in a marvelous, unconscious way.

For baseball players, that particular moment comes in the World Series, an event that always seems to present one figure who dominates the action, embodying the Series, that season, the game. Going back to talk to them today, they seem very human. They hem and haw and chew tobacco, just as they did then. Except that for this special breed, there will always be that one moment when they were superhuman. When they were MVPs.

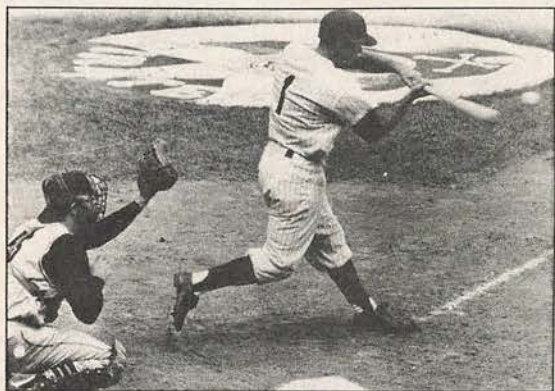
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1955: Johnny Podres checks out the first MVP car.



1956: Don Larsen throws one of the last 97 "pitches for the ages."



1960: Bobby Richardson, the only MVP ever in a losing cause, smacks one of a Series-record 12 RBIs.



1961: Moose Skowron, Whitey Ford and Ellie Howard happily pose after Ford's record-breaking streak, which he began the year before, of 32 consecutive shutout World Series innings.

I. The Great Moments Remembered

by MARK RIBOWSKY and CRAIG WOLFF

They all remember and they always will. Because in one unforgettable moment of the last quarter-century of World Series competition, each MVP reached center stage in his life. It's little wonder that for most of them, the subtleties and small details of those moments are still crystal clear today.

Johnny Podres, for example, can jog back 24 years and see the two big breaks that saved his 2-0 win over the New York Yankees on October 4, 1955—the day the Brooklyn Dodgers finally beat the Yankees in a World Series.

"In the third inning, I gave up a walk to Phil Rizzuto and a single to Billy Martin," Podres recalls. "But when Gil McDougald hit a grounder that would've gone through, Rizzuto got hit by it. He tried to sidestep the ball—maybe too fancily—and it got him on the leg. I'd never seen that before. *Incredible*. But it got me out of it."

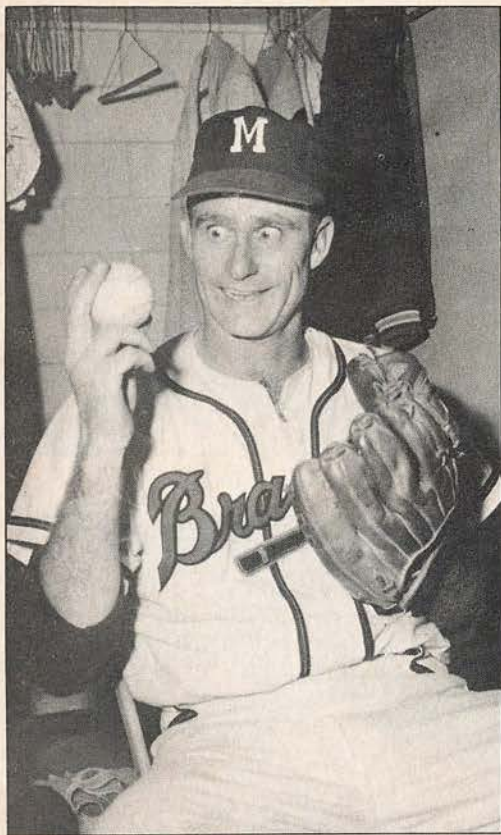
The other break, of course, was Sandy Amoros' one fling with history—his scampering reach into the leftfield corner to turn Yogi Berra's slicing, two-on, no-out drive into a double play in the sixth. "Fate," says Podres. "Sandy'd

just come into the game that inning. I thought it was an easy out so I picked up the resin bag. Then I saw Sandy keep going and I felt helpless, froze up. All I remember seeing is Pee Wee Reese's back as he went out to leftfield to take the relay. Then it was over, bang-bang. The rest was gravy. I confused 'em, threw fastballs. They thought I had a chicken arm. Just to rub it in, I threw a change to Ellie Howard to end it. He was off balance and tapped the ball to Pee Wee, who had a big smile waiting for it—and damned if he didn't nearly throw it away in the dirt. Gil Hodges had to scoop it. . . . So while I was lucky, I was damn good, too."

In the years since then, other players who were less than superstars have been unexpectedly coronated for grittiness and luck. Young lefthander Mickey Lolich had gone 17-9 for the Detroit Tigers in '68—good, but not even near teammate Denny McLain's phenomenal 31-6 record. But when McLain bombed out in the 1968 Series against the St. Louis Cardinals, Lolich picked up the slack by winning three games. He remembers: "In the second win, the

fifth game, we were down 3-2 [trailing in the Series 3-1] and Lou Brock should've scored on a hit. But Willie Horton—who had no great arm—uncorked the damndest throw I've ever seen. Brock was just cruising around third—didn't even slide. He was shocked. So was I." But not for the last time. "In the seventh inning [manager] Mayo Smith forgot to hit for me with one out. I guess he was kinda, uh, nervous—he didn't know what he was doing. So I went up, got a dink single and we rallied to win when Al Kaline knocked me in." In Game Seven, Brock tried to intimidate Lolich by taking an alarmingly long lead off first in the sixth inning. "I yelled to him, 'Hey, Brock, you're nuts.' He just stared at me. I stared at him. I threw over. He kept staring—then was tagged out. Later Curt Flood did the same thing and I picked him off. That was it. I knew they were beaten and I was the man. It was destiny, you could feel it in the fifth game."

Ironically, almost eight years to the day from Podres' '55 clincher, an aging L.A. Dodger lefty beat the Yankees again. It was Johnny Podres. In



1957: Happy pitcher Lew Burdette goofs off after his two shutouts helped the Milwaukee Braves defeat the Yankees in this unforgettable seven-game Series.



1958: Bob Turley tells how he won the fifth game, saved the sixth—and won the seventh.



1959: Larry Sherry won two, saved two and led a Los Angeles parade.



1962: Ralph Terry rides high after defeating San Francisco.



1963: Recognize Sandy Koufax's interviewer?

between, though, during the 1959 Series, Podres got an early 8-0 lead over the Chicago White Sox in Game Six, which would clinch it for the Dodgers. "But then Early Wynn started brushing back our batters," Podres recalls, "so I had to throw at some of their guys. For some reason, Jim Landis squared to bunt and I hit him in the head. I got real scared and lost my bearings. I threw a meatball that Ted Kluszewski hit for a three-run homer and I was pulled out." Larry Sherry, a rookie reliever who had been called up on July 4th, came in to make his fourth appearance of the Series. Sherry's flawless 5-2/3 innings in relief gave him his second win, to go along with two earlier saves. He needed it to win that year's MVP award. "You gotta wonder sometimes if these things are set up for you somehow," Sherry says. "I really never should've been in the game at all."

Fate always seems to have its grip on World Series history. Brooks Robinson won the '70 award by hitting .429 and breaking the Cincinnati Reds' spirit—and nearly Johnny Bench's sanity—with his gravity-defying defensive plays at third base. Brooks was a legendary glove man for the Baltimore Orioles, but even he admits that his play was superhuman. "I've never gone through a

stranger time than that Series," he says. "It was *too* good. It's funny, my first chance was a grounder Woody Woodward hit—which I threw away. We had lost to the Mets the year before and I thought, 'Oh God, here we go again.' But then, every ball I made a great play on was *just* close enough for me; an inch farther away and they all woulda been hits—big, crushing hits. In 23 years, I never saw anything like it."

Bob Gibson, the great Cardinal right-hander, had already won the MVP honor twice—pitching a total of five Series victories in '64 and '67—and had won two games in '68 when he faced the divinely-touched Lolich in Game Seven. "Try as I might after the game, I never could get myself to feel guilty for losing that day," Gibson says. "I was pushing my luck. I kept thinking back to '64, when I won the seventh game [against the Yankees] as a green kid who didn't know much about pitching—and only because I was staked to a big lead. These things even out."

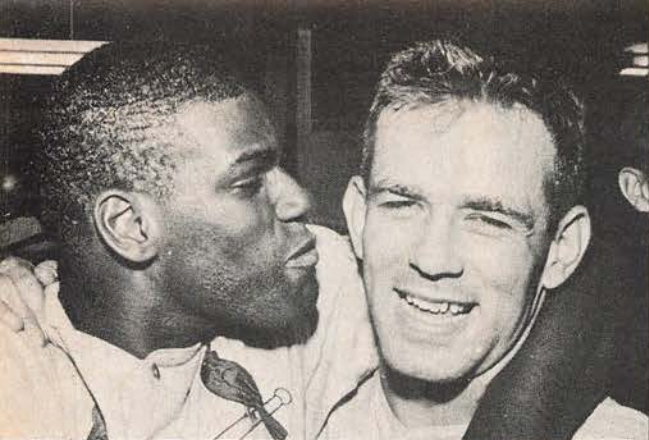
Similarly, Milwaukee Brave righty Lew Burdette, the MVP in the '57 Series with three wins over the Yankees, claims he pitched just as well in the '58 Series, when the Yankees—like Lolich's Tigers—were making a fateful move back from a 1-3 deficit in games.

"There's such a fine line between winning and losing a Series," Burdette points out. "In '57, I won because [Yankee second baseman] Jerry Coleman misjudged Eddie Mathews' speed—he could run, for a big moose—in the fifth game. He backed up too much and Eddie beat out a grounder. Hank Aaron and Joe Adcock singled to bring him home and we won 1-0. Nobody remembers that, but it was the difference as I see it."

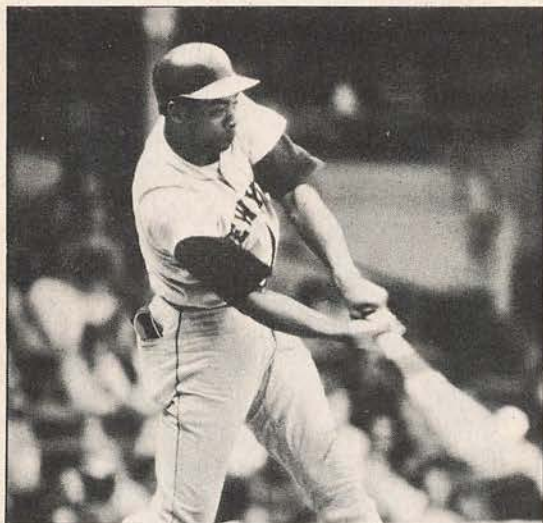
But nobody has tiptoed on that thin line more often than Yankee righty Ralph Terry, who was involved in two of the most dramatic Series moments ever. Victory and defeat in '60 and '62 rested squarely on two seventh-game, two-out, ninth-inning Terry pitches. The first one, Bill Mazeroski hit out to win the '60 Series for the Pittsburgh Pirates. "A bad pitch, a slider up," Terry says. "I didn't think it was goin' out, but it carried in that dry air—everyone was hittin' 'em out that day. I figured the last team up would win it. . . . But I blame Casey Stengel. He had me warm up five times. I had nothing left after the second time." With typical World Series irony, Terry was back on the mound two years later with the Yanks leading 1-0 and San Francisco runners on second and third.

"Ralph Houk came out to talk to

continued



1964: Bob Gibson whispers his thanks to Tim McCarver, whose home run won the fifth game for him.



1969: Met star Donn Clendenon hit three homers.



1965: Ex-Dodger pitcher Carl Erskine congratulates Sandy Koufax.



1970: Brooks Robinson pounced on everything afield, and batted .429.

me—this big ex-Army Major, right?" Terry remembers. "So he stands there shaking and says, 'I don't know what the hell I'm doing out here. I don't know what to say.' I didn't want to throw a strike to Willie McCovey, I wanted to work on him with first base open, but I got a fastball on the inside corner and he just pickled it." But the ball rocketed into Bobby Richardson's glove. Terry had survived the tightrope walk and snared his second win of the Series, not to mention the MVP award.

Game Five, October 8, 1956. That game alone won the MVP award for Don Larsen, and nobody argued. When Larsen got up to go out for baseball's most climactic ninth inning, "Casey [Stengel] winked at me, which was the most meaningful thing the man ever said to me." Of the game, Larsen says: "Mickey made a great catch and Andy Carey stopped a hot one at third, but pitching in Yankee Stadium was the biggest factor. In Ebbets Field in Game Two, I couldn't let 'em hit it, now I could. I was never a control guy, I used a no-windup delivery to control my pitches. But that day I was throwing those nice, easy fastballs—and the Dodgers helped by not waiting me out, even late in the game, which surprised the hell out of me." History's greatest reminder of

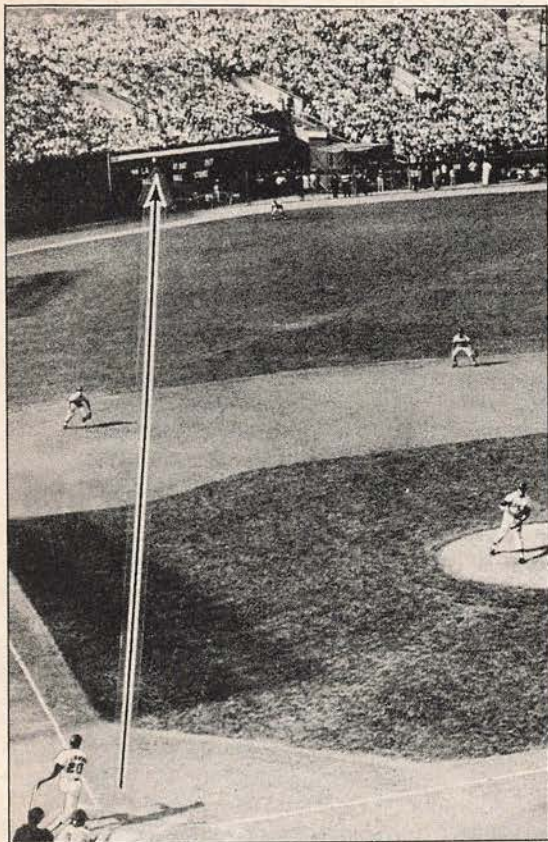
the feat will always be the photo of Yogi Berra in Larsen's arms after Dale Mitchell took a third strike to end it. Larsen's memory of that famous moment? "Yogi had bad breath."

As we near the end of the '70s—a decade of excess, complexity and self-absorption—the man who has come to dominate the Series like no other is Reggie Jackson. Jackson has given the World Series drama, color, excitement, flourish, anger and self-pity. He has also produced some of the best clutch moments the World Series has ever seen. In '73, he brought the Oakland A's back from a 2-3 deficit in games to overtake a far less cosmic Met team by producing four hits and four RBIs in his last eight at-bats, including a prodigious homer to clinch the finale.

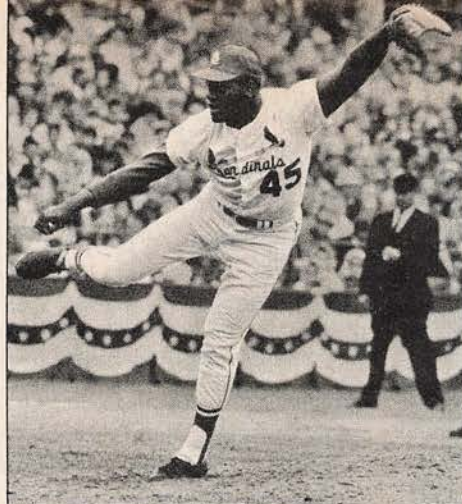
In '77, his first year with the Yankees, Reggie earned his second MVP award with homers in the last three games, including three stunning blasts in the sixth-game clincher—the last one landing halfway up the centerfield bleachers at Yankee Stadium. "On the last homer, I passed [Dodger second baseman] Davey Lopes at second as I was cruising around the bases. He shrugged his shoulders at me as if to say, 'Reggie, we can't beat you, you own this World Series.' That's when I realized I did."

II. How the Award

That wondrous, dizzying realization that you *own* the World Series is perhaps the strongest common bond among this elite circle of 21 SPORT Series MVPs. For most, it seems there was no problem living up to the award's standard of excellence and its nagging promise of future glory. Mickey Lolich, in fact, found that winning the award was a vehicle of self-liberation. "I was quite upset about the way I was overshadowed by McLain during the '68 season, and for an exhibitionist like me—I like attention because it drives me, creates emotion that I never had a lot of—it was stunting," Lolich says. "In '68, the early part of my career, I needed that reassurance—wanted it. I was so cool in that seventh game. My wife couldn't sleep the night before the game, and Mayo Smith came apart a bit during it. But I loved every second of it. And what happened was that being recognized as the dominating force in the Series *made* me as a pitcher for two reasons: it made me think I was better than I thought—and made hitters think I was better than I really *was*. When guys start swinging at pitches they shouldn't, *that's* respect. I got ten years of respect in one week



1966: In the final game, Dave McNally and Dodger Don Drysdale exchange four-hitters, but the difference is Frank Robinson's towering 410-foot homer to left in the fourth.



1967: Bob Gibson off balance and on target.



1971: Roberto Clemente, the only nonsurviving MVP, hit at a .414 clip with two homers.



1968: Mickey Lolich, awash with joy: he won three games.



1972: Gene Tenace with Charlie Finley in a happier moment.

Changed Their Lives—And Their Baseball Careers

because of that World Series."

But the significance of the award doesn't have to be personal. "We lost to the Pirates in '71, but just watching Roberto Clemente was a thrill," says Brooks Robinson. "To hear how great a player is and then see him doing those very things in a World Series put him on an even higher pedestal for me." Of his own anointment, Brooks says: "I think people started paying more attention to defense. Like Graig Nettles last year, that's all people were talking about. Nobody ever talked about fielding like that in the '50s and '60s."

Johnny Bench, the Reds' brilliant catcher, saw what kind of adulation awaits a Series hero—after Robinson had robbed him silly. "I had a better year than Brooks, but with what he did in the Series, he won the Hickok Belt over me for the best professional athlete of the year. That ticked me for a while, but I realized that doing it when everything's on the line is really the best way to evaluate a guy's competitiveness. The Series MVP award may be the only award that's not a popularity contest, and the one with the most meaning to everyone all around."

But before Bench himself would win in '76 as a result of his .533 average and two homers in the Reds' sweep of the Yankees, there would be another revelation about the meaning of the award—and of the World Series experience it represents. The revelation came during the remarkable '75 Series against the Boston Red Sox, a classic that has been called the best Series ever. Says Bench: "Pete Rose won the MVP because he was our soul, our will—and in that Series, the will was the difference. It was a war of attrition for seven games, back and forth. We all got caught up in it. Don Zimmer, who was Boston's third-base coach then, had been my manager in the minor leagues. We liked each other. But it was his job to try and rattle me and he really rode me; he said some really hard things. But after the seventh game, we instinctively threw our arms around each other. It was just an incredible feeling of being in something so emotionally draining, of giving everything to win a championship."

Bench could feel the incredible high of being the main factor in such an exercise a year later, "again, immediately after it was over." For Johnny Podres, it took a

while longer. "There was just so much commotion after we won, for weeks after," he says. "My father was overcome right away—he was crying so much I couldn't get him out of the john in the clubhouse following the seventh game, he was too embarrassed to be seen crying—but I was caught up with the press, the parties, then TV shows and appearances. It wasn't until two months later when I was walking in the woods that it hit me: 'Hey, Podres, you were the main man in that Series!' When you're alone and think about that, that's when you get the chills."

It had to be exceedingly difficult for Don Larsen to keep his head after his historic perfect game in 1956—but he was able to hang on in the game only because he did. "It was an incredible thing—but I never lost sight of the fact that it was a freak thing," he says. "Everything jelled for that game, and I never tried to match it again. I tried to enjoy the perfect game as a fan would—like I was admiring someone else. Now, it still seems like it never happened sometimes. It's like a dream and maybe I don't want to wake up—because I may find out it never *did* happen."

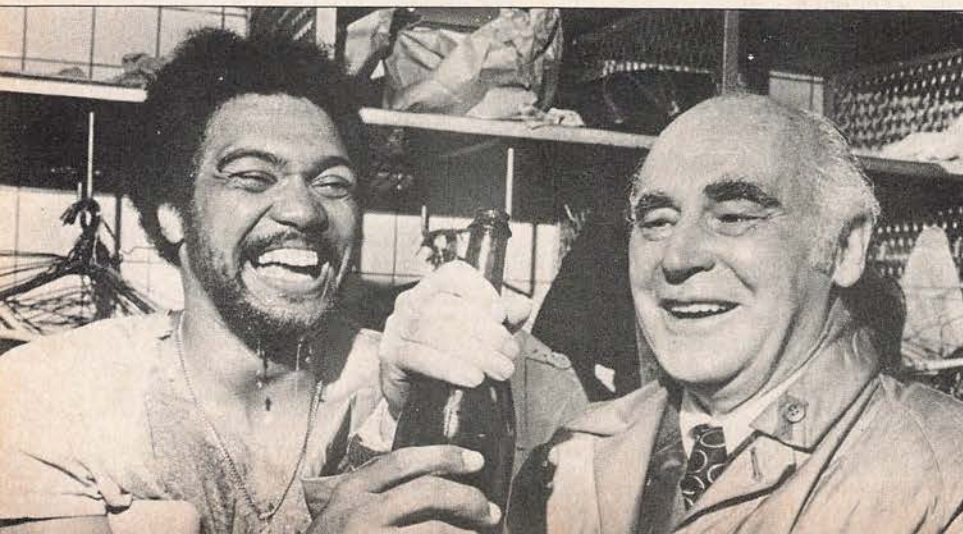
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1975: Against Boston, Pete Rose was "our soul, our will," says John Bench.



1974: For Rollie Fingers, relieving in four out of five games was just dandy.



III. Where Those Envious Boys of Autumn Are Now

Many of the men who made October great are well beyond their playing days, but the moment of their glory lives on and on. Sometimes their heroics come back at them in unexpected ways.

Johnny Podres, a minor-league pitching coach for the Red Sox, is constantly reminded of his historic first by his young students, none of whom were even born in 1955. "The kids come over and ask me about it all the time," says Podres, who is now 57. "They say, 'Hey, I saw you on TV the other day, on one of those playback, nostalgia shows.' I must admit that's quite a thrill, although it does make me feel a little old sometimes."

"I have a son who was born after I retired," says Bobby Richardson. "So I got hold of some films of the Series I was in. We look at them from time to time and we remember what I lived and he never saw."

The years have been good to most of the boys of autumn. Bob Turley lives in Atlanta and runs a financial planning business for what he calls the "average person." Larry Sherry is the Angels' pitching coach and Richardson, at 44, has already added several accomplishments to his seven World Series performances. He was baseball coach at the University of South Carolina for seven years, once leading the school to second place in the College World Series. Three years ago Richardson ran for Congress in South Carolina as a Republican in a predominantly Democratic district and lost by only 3,000 votes. He is now the director of development for a Christian boarding school.

Donn Clendenon is an attorney in Dayton, O. and claims to be only the second player in major-league history to become a lawyer after leaving baseball. Brooks Robinson is the Orioles' TV

color commentator, and Frank Robinson, having made history in 1975 as major-league baseball's first black manager when he piloted the Cleveland Indians, is now a coach with Baltimore.

Some of the more recent winners such as Gene Tenace, Rollie Fingers, Pete Rose and Reggie Jackson were able to parlay their career and World Series success into millions on the free-agent market. Oddly enough, three of the MVPs, Tenace, Fingers and Mickey Lolich, are all with the San Diego Padres now, a team that's never even been to the World Series. This past summer, Pete Rose became the first player to make the All-Star team at five different positions, and a few weeks later he broke Honus Wagner's National League record for career singles. Johnny Bench's back problems haven't destroyed his still-explosive bat and arm. Reggie Jackson is still Reggie Jackson. Bucky Dent's MVP performance turned into a poster with sales of Farrah Fawcettlike proportions making him the idol of millions of teenage girls.

A few of the winners have had little to do with baseball since retiring from the game. Ralph Terry, who was unexpectedly "squeezed" out of baseball by the Mets' youth movement in 1967, is now a golf pro in Kansas. Sandy Koufax, whose career was cut short by arthritis, and Bob Gibson, who struck out more than 3,100 batters, are both recluses of sorts. Koufax put in a stint as a *Game of the Week* analyst for NBC, quit that job several years ago and popped up last spring as a Dodger minor-league pitching instructor. Gibson, owner of a restaurant in Omaha, Neb., says he doesn't want to be "just another old-timer who gets in the way."

Unlike Bobby Richardson, who has played in dozens of old-timers' games, Gibson hasn't appeared in one. "I remember when I was young and I heard all the old ball players on Old-timers' Day talking about how good they had been back then and how nowadays 'they don't make them like they did.' I swear that I will never be one of those old-timers saying that."

Mickey Lolich is happy to still be in baseball at the age of 39, but he is not overjoyed with his role on the Padres. "I do nothing," Lolich says. "I'm a relief pitcher but I haven't gotten into many

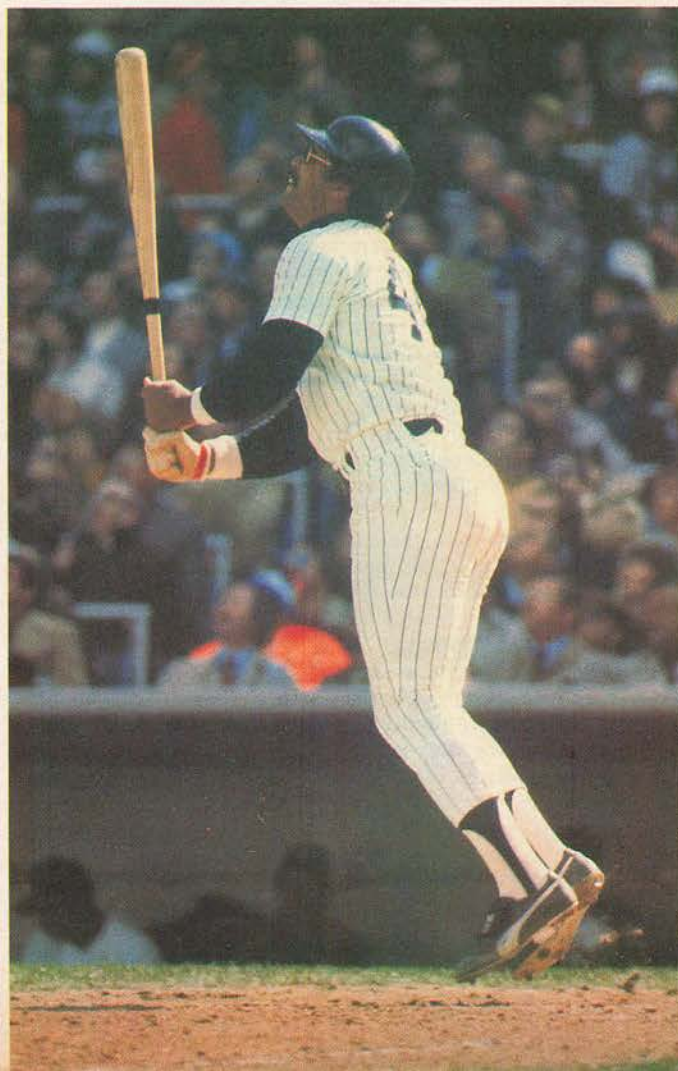
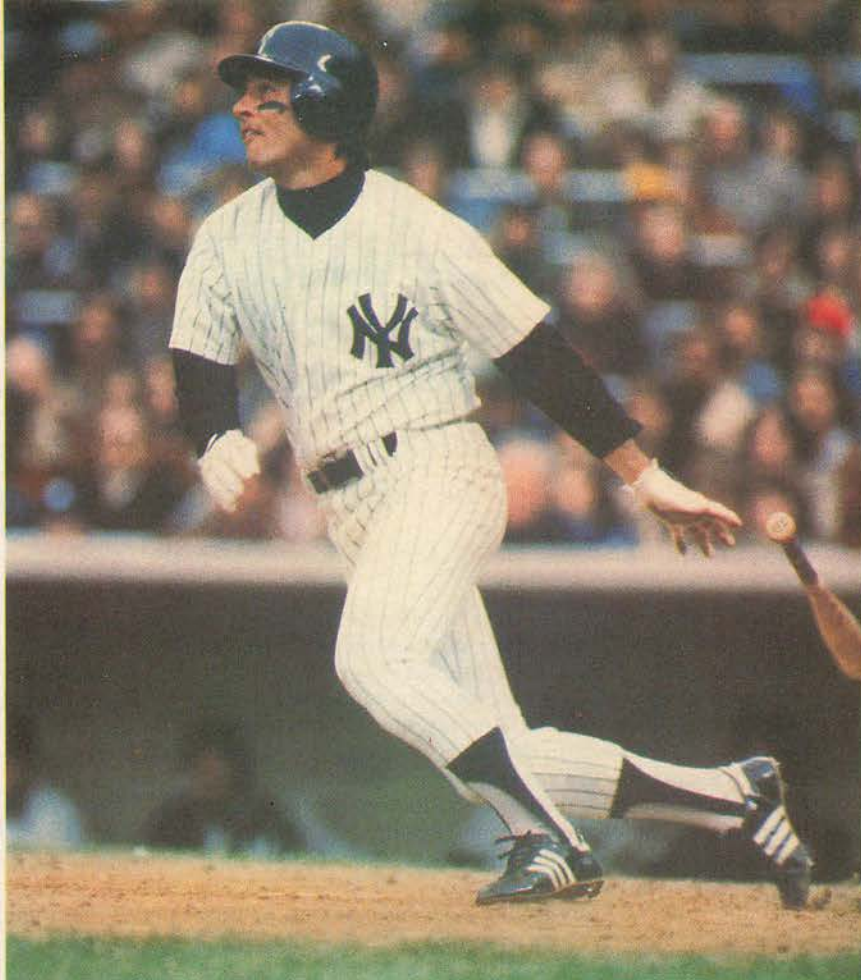
1973: Reggie Jackson and Charlie Finley appear to actually like each other after Reggie had six RBIs and a homer.

games. I don't do anything. I observe." But he doesn't complain for long. "The MVP award was the greatest thing to happen in my life," says Lolich. "If I had not been a big-league player, I would have been a ditch digger. I'll always have baseball and I'll always have 1968."

Perhaps Don Larsen summed up best how the MVP award endures for these men. It's not the trophy that matters, or even the MVP recognition. It's having a reason to remember what happened on the field and the possibility of experiencing the rejuvenation that comes from the memory.

"The moment," Larsen says, "is still very vivid. At World Series time, it always comes up. No one lets me forget it. And besides—I wouldn't forget it anyway." □

1976-78: Bucky Dent (right) may not be Hall of Fame material like Johnny Bench (below) or Reggie Jackson (below right), but his ten hits and striking face launched a thousand posters.



The Amazing Case of the Hitless Pitcher

The Expos can't score for pitcher Steve Rogers but he's kept them in the race anyway

by ALAN RICHMAN

Dick Williams sits at his desk in Olympic Stadium, not looking well. The manager of the Montreal Expos is reflecting on the events of the previous evening. His best pitcher, Steve Rogers—a man who also happens to be the team veteran, the team player representative and a college graduate—lost a game in the worst possible way. Rogers stood at the plate with a count of three balls and no strikes, bases loaded, one out, the Expos trailing by one run and on the verge of being swept at home by the San Francisco Giants . . . and Rogers did not take the pitch. He bunted into a double play.

"I think Babe Ruth would have been taking in that situation," Williams says. His voice is not without sarcasm. Nor is it mellowed by the knowledge that Rogers had shown superb maturity in post-game interviews, accepting waves of criticism. What Williams wants from veterans is superb maturity when the count is three and nothing.

But wait. The expression is changing. Williams is starting to look worse. He is now being asked to compare Rogers with the great pitchers of his former teams in Boston, Oakland and California. This must be the same expression that passed over Williams' face when the A's owner Charlie Finley phoned the Oakland dugout with suggestions in the top of the ninth.

Now Williams is attempting to answer the question. Very, very slowly. It is not because he is trying to speak French. It is because he is trying to speak diplomatically. Rogers is his very best pitcher, proclaimed by none other than Tom Seaver as the outstanding pitcher in the National League. There have been moments when Rogers has been Williams' only pitcher. Rogers and Williams have fought and lost together in the Expos' organization for three years, and a manager would no more speak badly of such a man than an officer would speak badly of a comrade at Guadalcanal.

Williams says Rogers has "great stuff." This is not real inside baseball. The smoked meat at Schwartz' on St. Lawrence Street also is "great stuff." Williams says Rogers "could possibly be great. The potential is there." In Montreal, "potential" is as popular as the English language. Balor Moore had potential. Williams says Rogers "has come a long way in the last three years." He certainly has. Three years ago Rogers had a broken hand and a 7-17 record, his worst ever.

Now Williams is saying that Catfish Hunter was "the best money pitcher I ever had." He is saying that the two best seasons of pitching he ever saw were by Jim Lonborg in 1967 for Boston and Vida Blue in 1971 for the A's. They were both Cy Young Award winners. Williams' inquisitor starts to leave, figuring that last night's bases-loaded bunt

has popped up in the manager's throat and he will say nothing about greatness. What Williams finally says is, "First he has got to put some *numbers* on the board."

This is the seventh season that Steve Rogers has pitched for the Expos. The first six teams he played on all lost more than 80 games, except for the 1976 team that lost 107. Despite the fact that, according to Expos pitching coach Jim Brewer, "Rogers has as good stuff as anybody in the National League," all the stuff has never produced enough victories. Why? Steve Rogers, just turned 30, who started this season with a lifetime record of 73-82, is raw data for those researching one of the enduring questions of baseball: should a pitcher with probably the best collection of pitches in the game win consistently when supported by one of the chronically worst collections of gloves and bats in baseball?

"Any time you average seven to seven-and-two-thirds innings a start, it comes down to 'so goes the team, so goes the pitcher,'" Rogers says. "You can only be as good as they are. I don't think a pitcher can consistently rise above a team or even if that is what a pitcher should try to do. If you play for yourself, a hell of a lot of negative things can happen. If you play for the team, the only thing that matters is whether you win or lose."

"A pitcher does a disservice to himself and to the team by daily trying to go out and do it all himself. I go out there with shutout stuff maybe eight times a year, and if I win half of those, I'm lucky."

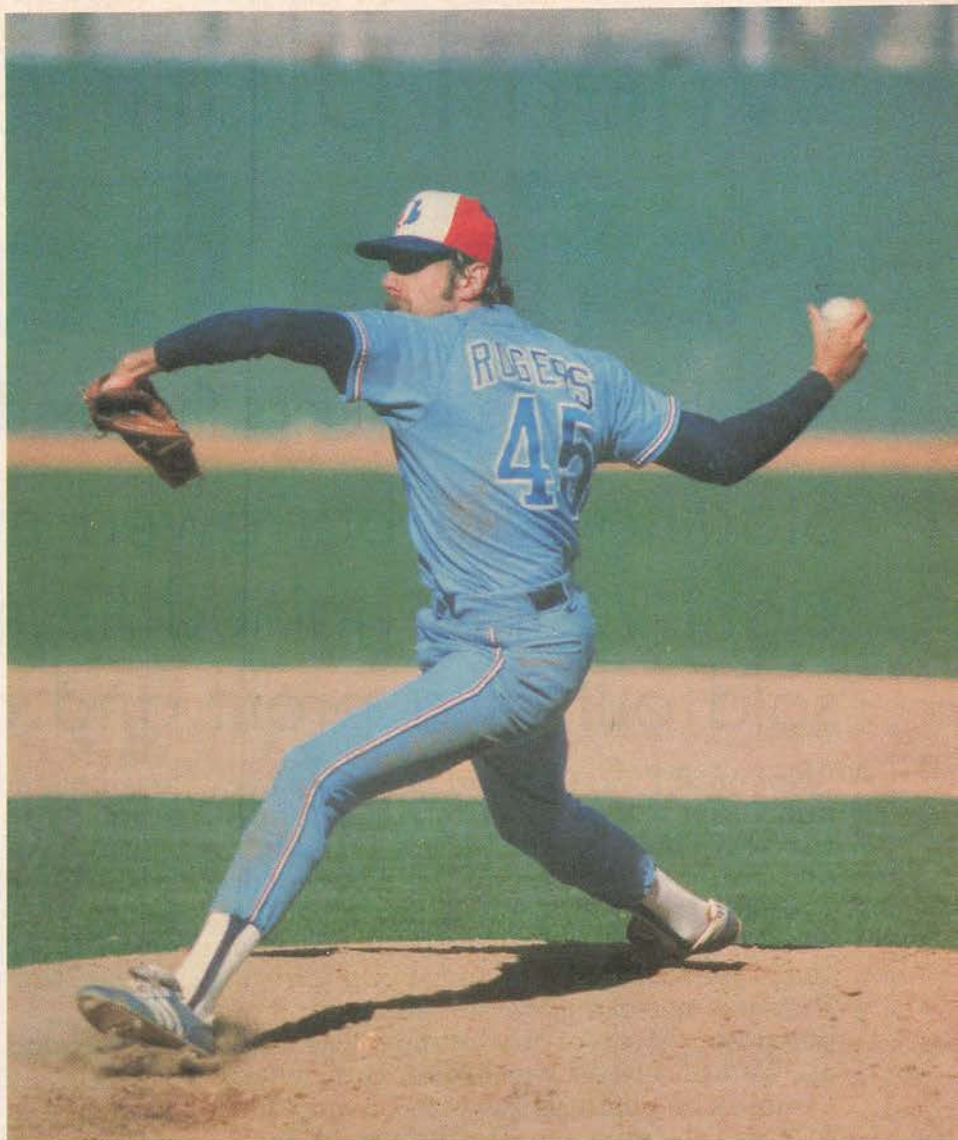
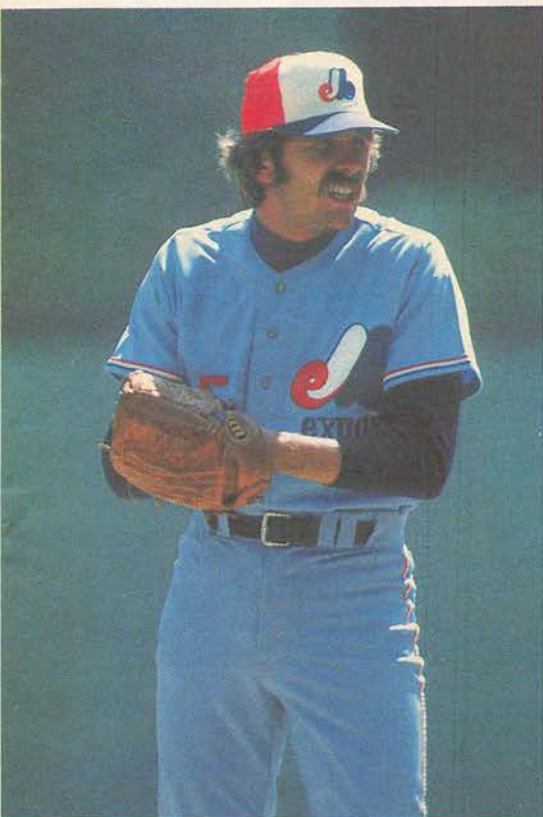
Lucky because not until this season, when the team was at or near the top of the National League East pennant drive through August, have the Expos scored many runs.

"You give Steve Rogers five runs a game," says pitching coach Brewer, "and he'll win 25 games. I guarantee it."

On hearing Brewer's claim, Rogers looks down at the pastel carpeting in the Expos' lockerroom and his voice goes soft, barely penetrating his beard. He talks about Steve Carlton of the Phillies with the perfect reverence usually reserved for an Indian holy man. Carlton, in Rogers' view, is one of the few pitchers in baseball history to rise above a bad team when he won 27 games and lost ten in 1972 for the 59-97 Phils. "That year," says Rogers in a whisper, "was awesome. If you go back and look, it's almost laughable how many more runs they scored for him than for other pitchers."

Actually, that's debatable. The Phillies averaged 3.8 runs in games Carlton started, 3.0 in games he did not. But what was most unusual about Carlton's starts was that the team played a total game when he pitched, as if Carlton had personally elevated his teammates to a higher level of confidence. But for many reasons—including Rogers' late-

continued



Montreal stopper Steve Rogers is a power pitcher, but even with his sizzling repertoire—including his famous sinker—he has never won 20 games. Pitching coach Jim Brewer thinks an off-speed pitch would help, but Rogers claims that his distinctive, hard-throwing motion (shown at right) “is not conducive to throwing at three-quarter speed.”



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"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that

business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

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fifty

a true story
by John B. Haikey



as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

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"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

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Rogers *continued*

developing maturity, his tendency to insult teammates by his expressions of suffering on the mound, his mental lapses (such as the bases-loaded-bunt example) and his own tightly wound tensions—Rogers has not been able to do for the Expos what Carlton did for Philadelphia.

He was over .500 in three of his first six seasons, but only in his rookie season, 1973, when he was 10-5 with a 1.54 ERA, was his winning percentage impressive. "This is a very exceptional talent," says Minnesota Twins manager Gene Mauch, former manager of the Expos. "Rogers did that in '73 knowing nothing about the league, nothing about containing runners and he was extremely vulnerable to the stolen base." During that rookie year, teammates gave Rogers the nickname "Cy," half of a name that turns out to be surprisingly appropriate—Rogers might have won half the Cy Young Award for any number of his wonderful half-years.

In 1974 and 1977, Rogers won nine games by the All-Star break. In 1978 he won ten games by the All-Star break. This year he had won nine games by the break. But the Cy Young Award is given to a pitcher who finishes his seasons, not just his games.

"By mid-June, I'm sitting on about 150 innings and I think I hit a low point," Rogers says. "I love to pitch here in Montreal in cool weather. I'd much rather pitch when the temperature is in the 40s than when it's in the 90s. But after I've pitched in the heat for ten or 14 games, going eight-plus innings every game, pretty soon my arm needs a rest. You go out there, but your arm is still taking that rest and so you give up three

or four runs. In the past, that hasn't made for too many wins."

It took Rogers five years and 181 starts to compile the most wins in Expos history, breaking Steve Renko's highly achievable record of 68. In those five years, pitching for the Light Brigade of baseball, he gave up three or less earned runs in 71 percent of those games.

"You know who amazes me?" Rogers asks. "Mike Torrez amazes me. He gets no strikeouts, gives up five walks a game and gets away with it for Boston. I know I can't do that. Four out of the five would score."

"But I don't begrudge my situation," Rogers says. "I don't regret it at all. If I did, I'd be traded by now or I'd be a free agent at the end of this year. I don't question it that much. I've been with it through the struggle and now I'm with it when we're good."

It is fitting that Steve Rogers, who has yet to put the finishing touches on a great season, must pitch in Montreal's unfinished Olympic Stadium.

In fact, Rogers' mound behavior has been known to give the impression that he has lapsed into a state of suspension, that his mind and body may never return to the matter at hand. It is the late innings of a close game, recently, and Rogers has just given up a scratch single, one of the many hundreds in his career which seemed to bounce attainably close to the glove of an Expo infielder.

He is 3-2 on the next batter. Catcher Gary Carter, flashing signs, has to choose from among the right hander's classic four-pitch repertoire: his cross-seam fastball that travels in the low 90s, moving into a left-handed hitter, a slider and a curve, and . . . The Sinker. The Steve Rogers sinker is a pitch that has

been known to bring batters to their knees, sometimes in awe. Cardinal catcher Ted Simmons calls Rogers' sinker "incredible." Simmons recalls: "I caught him in the All-Star game in 1978 and he threw one sinking fastball that I had never seen before. It didn't start to sink until about the last three or four feet, which is virtually impossible to hit. You can't detect it because it comes so quickly."

Unfortunately, in this instance the home plate umpire has trouble detecting Rogers' sinker, too, insisting that it dipped too soon. Ball four. The batter walks cheerfully to first, knowing precisely how bad he would have looked had he not been too frozen to swing. Rogers is ignoring him in order to offer constructive criticism to the home plate umpire. His gestures do not exhibit obscenity, only certainty.

Two men on base, nobody out. Rogers turns to his left and marches to the rear of the mound. He is withdrawing. His gait is pigeon-toed, his head pulled into his neck, his neck into his shoulders. He is squinting, breathing deeply. He looks up toward the dome of the stadium at the eternal crane which has loomed over the field since the 1976 Olympics waiting to finish construction of the roof. He cradles the ball in his palm. Now Rogers seems to be seeking character flaws in the Rawlings product. "He looks like Hamlet with Yorick's head," says Michael Boone, baseball writer for the *Montreal Star*.

"In the minor leagues," says Rogers, "they said to me, 'Hey, you can't do all that stuff on the mound and make the big leagues.' When I got to the big leagues they said, 'What a good show.' You can probably list 15 different things I do out there, but I don't even know I'm doing them. If you were to ask me after a very good game, when my concentration was good, I'd say I didn't do anything."

Such eccentric mound behavior has led to complaints about Rogers' concentration, but there have been none about his dedication or intelligence. Ask about his tendonitis (1974), broken hand (1976) or bone chip (1978) which necessitated off-season surgery, and he answers with the grisly enthusiasm of a medieval surgeon. Ask about his pitching motion and Rogers discourses on joint mobility, climaxing with a painful explanation on why throwing the slider is an unnatural act: "It's just about every joint going the wrong way, all moving in different directions at the same time and all moving forward at 85-95 miles an hour. It's almost a freak of nature to allow those joints to do that."

Ask what you will about the energy crisis—he studied petroleum engineering at Tulsa University and is a partner

continued

At a park near their home outside Montreal, Rogers and his wife Barbara played with two of their three children, Stephen Jason (left) and Geoffrey Douglas.



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Kyle Rote, Jr., North American Soccer League

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in an Oklahoma investment group that has already brought in two wells—or ask about his family—wife Barbara and three children—and you get more evidence of his studious commitment to whatever he undertakes.

Ask Rogers about his famous battle with Charlie (One-Punch) Fox, who was the Expos' general manager in 1978, and you'll elicit one of Rogers' more colorful stories:

Fox was attempting to instruct short-stop Chris Speier, then in a 4-for-31 slump, on the fine points of batting when Speier requested that he desist. Fox went to get a coffee and Speier yelled at him to leave the lockerroom and get back to the front office where he belonged. Fox started to leave, but returned yelling.

Rogers was sitting on a wooden bench putting on his socks when he said, "Dammit, Charlie, this is what is wrong with this club. We don't need yelling in the lockerroom." Fox, angry, ran toward Rogers, yelling, "Don't ever say anything to me when I'm talking to one of my players."

Rogers said, "Charlie, don't charge me." Fox said something unkind about player representatives. Rogers stood up and said, "Charlie, get the bleep out of here." Fox moved closer, bumping stomachs. (For some inexplicable reason, old-time baseball players and only old-time baseball players love to bump stomachs. It is a rite that bears anthropological study.) Rogers warned. Fox threatened. Rogers pushed. Fox swung. Rogers says it wasn't much of a punch, just enough to snap his head back.

It was actually a vastly significant punch. The next day, club president John McHale took negotiation of Rogers' contract away from Fox, and Rogers immediately signed for six years at about \$300,000 per year. Fox came to the meeting but said nothing.

"I'm sure there was a certain amiability at the meeting which was a direct result of what happened, but I don't know how much monetary significance can be attached," Rogers says now. "I'm sure the monetary terms were not decided overnight, though. I can't believe a board decision can be made overnight."

See. Ask almost any questions of Rogers, whether it be about his body, his craft, his family or his feuds, and he will reply in a manner confirming that he is a man of perception and sensitivity. Just don't bother asking if he will ever win 20 games. He doesn't know. He will return to his theory on baseball as a team game. But just about everybody else in the Montreal clubhouse has a theory on



With Montreal near first, playing was a joy and a relaxed Rogers grew a beard.

Rogers' 20-victory potential.

"He fights himself too much," says pitcher Bill Lee, originator of the Overthink Theory. "If he throws a bad pitch, he dwells on it too long. His drive for perfection carries on a little too long. When cerebral processes enter into sports, you start screwing up. It's like the *Constitution*, which says separate church and state. You have to separate mind and body."

But pitching coach Brewer holds to the Overthrow Theory.

"Rogers is considered a power pitcher," Brewer says, "and a power pitcher never wants to throw anything off-speed like a straight change-up. If the batter gets a hit off it, the power pitcher feels he hasn't given a good enough effort because he didn't throw as hard as he could. Steve has had a great deal of difficulty accepting the idea that he doesn't have to throw as hard as he can on every pitch."

But Rogers says of the Overthrow Theory, "There are certain characteristics of my pitching style that are not conducive to throwing at three-quarter speed. I can't even do it on the sideline before a game. Loosening up, I have to throw 100 percent for 10 or 15 minutes. When I throw, I cross over myself, my right leg comes over, and if I throw with an easy body motion, I end up locking myself up."

Williams has his Numbers-on-the-Board Theory, with its implication that Rogers lacks the intestinal fastball, or whatever else it takes to become an overpowering presence on the mound. But overall, the theory of no team support has the most subscribers. Ross Grimsley, who came to Montreal last season and became the first 20-game winner in the club's ten-year history, describes what might be called the Fear-Strikes-You-Out Theory.

"When Steve was out there last year," says Grimsley, "he had the reputation of not getting any runs and losing close ball games. It seemed that every pitch was the most important one of the game, that if he threw one bad pitch, there would be a two-run home run. It became a psychological thing. It got played up so big that every time Steve pitched, there was this feeling that, God, this is going to be a close game, we're going to have to scratch and scrape for every run we get. It built up into a feeling that he wasn't going to get any runs—and he didn't."

Rogers' exasperation actually reached a low point in 1976 when the Expos lost 107 games. "Thank God for the bat rack," Rogers says, explaining, "that was the only thing that kept me from losing 22 or 23 games. I had lost 17 games that season and was losing 3-2 games with the best of them. I came out of a game—my third no-decision in a row where I didn't give up more than two runs—picked up my glove and my jacket and was going to hit the bat rack with my glove. I wasn't paying attention and I hit a fungo bat. I broke my hand."

In 1977, the Expos brought in Williams as manager and set the outfield with Andre Dawson, Ellis Valentine and Warren Cromartie. Dave Cash, since replaced by the more mobile Rodney Scott, came in as a free agent to play second base.

Then came a trade that worked. The Expos absolutely outsmarted the Reds by getting Tony Perez and his 90-RBI bat pretty much for pitcher Woodie Fryman, who is now back with Montreal.

This season the Expos picked up Duffy Dyer as a back-up catcher for Carter, gained a second baseman by trading with the Cubs for Scott, and accepted Lee almost as a favor to the Red Sox. Then they topped it off by purchasing Detroit's lefty slugger Rusty Staub, "Le Grand Orange" from Montreal's earlier, more dismal years.

"Don't ask me what was wrong with the team before. I wasn't here," Dick Williams says.

Rogers has been watching all this since the days when all his pain was located directly behind—when his infield had more jammed fingers than Gold Gloves. This season, coming off the bone-chip cleanup operation, he is throwing with an arm that hurts and, says Jim Brewer, it will hurt as long as baseball is an overhand game. "He's going to have aches and pains from now on," Brewer says.

At least it's a new kind of suffering. For a change, it hurts worse when Rogers throws the ball to the plate than when he turns to watch his teammates try to pick it up. □

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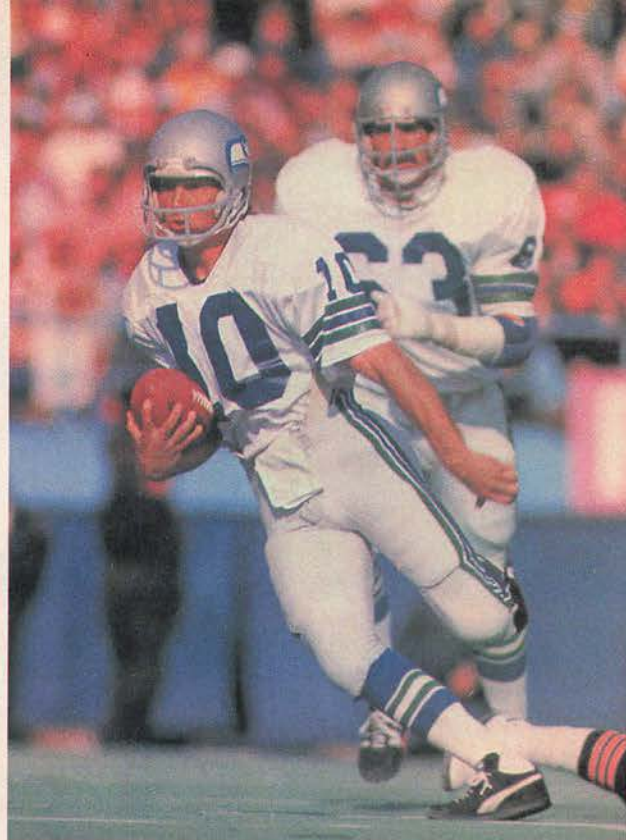
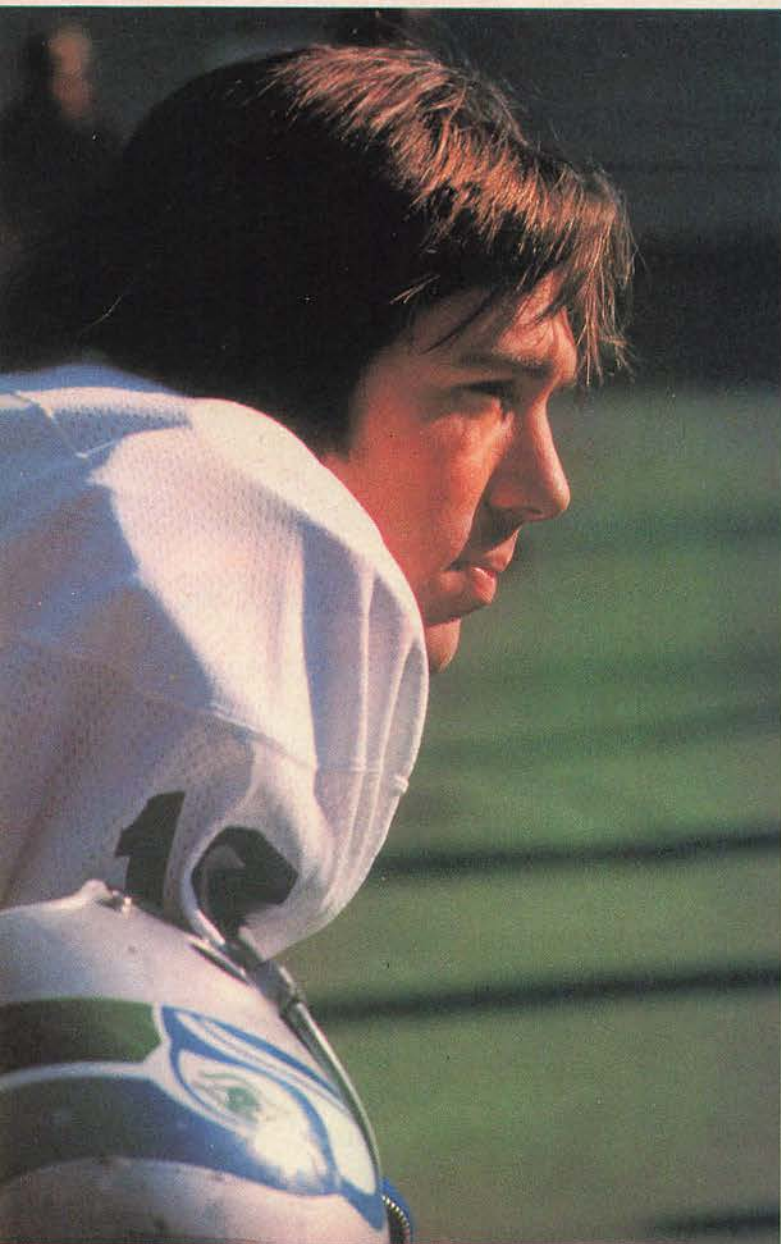
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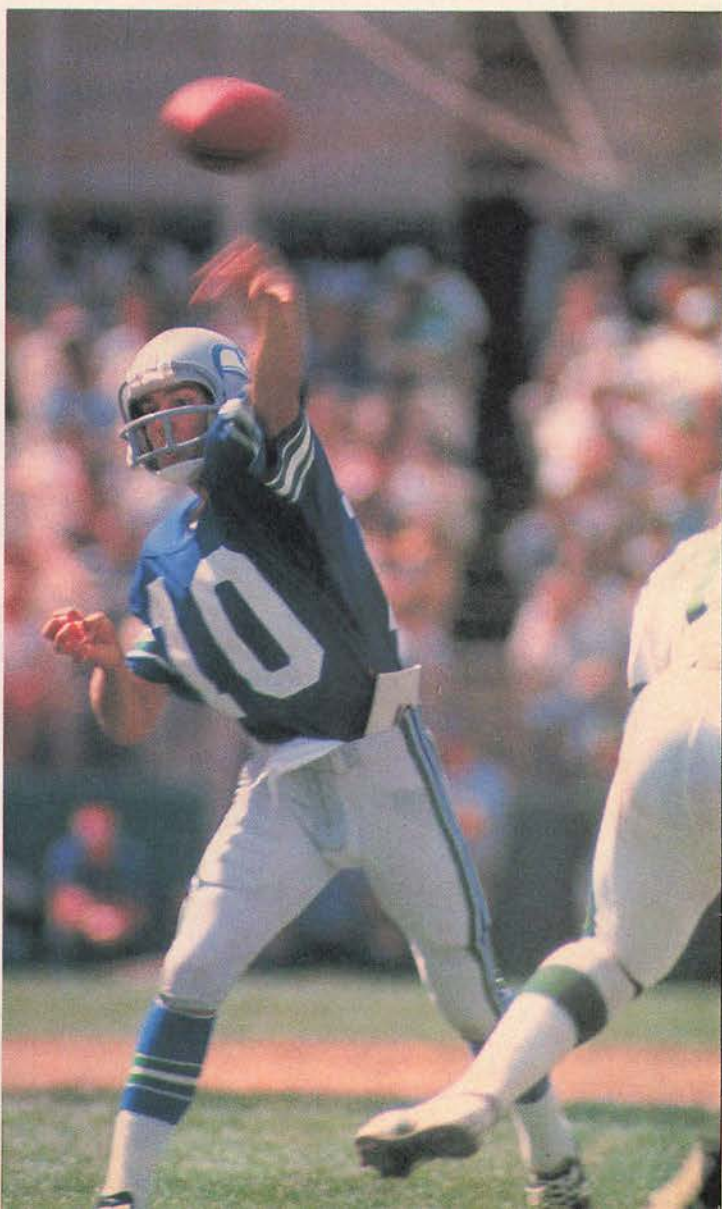


The Few.
The Proud.
The Marines.





Although Zorn wasn't even drafted by an NFL team and failed to make the Cowboys as a free agent in 1975, last season he stunned the experts with his strong arm (far right) and quick-footed scrambling (upper right) that led the expansion Seahawks to a 9-7 record. Says Seattle offensive coordinator Jerry Rhome, an ex-QB: "It didn't take 'Z' long to prove he was goin' to make things happen."



A High-Flying Seahawk

Seattle's Jim Zorn can pass, run and even hold for the kicker—which is why the NFL linemen who chase him call him 'the best young quarterback'

by JACK HICKS

Zorn's hurt!" exclaimed the Seattle Seahawk promotion men, their faces blanching as they stared at the crumpled form on the muddy practice field below. Horrified at the notion that The Franchise—quarterback Jim Zorn—lay crippled at the last practice of a sensational season, they rushed toward the field. Zorn was thrashing about, clutching his ankle.

But there was something vaguely insincere about the scene on the field. Zorn's boyish features were wrinkled in a laugh, and his teammates were standing casually around him joking away the December afternoon at practice.

"I fibbed," Zorn admitted moments later. "I mean, my ankle *is* sore—but, hey, please don't tell anybody.

"Anyway, we wanted to get our trainer out here to dunk him in the lake over there," Zorn continued. "We did it last year, to get even for his being tough on us. It's kind of a neat tradition."

Cowering in a nearby van, trainer Bruce Scott (also affectionately known as "Hitler") knew the 48-degree waters whispered his name. He stayed out of sight for more than an hour, and if the specter of damage to The Franchise could not dislodge Scott—nothing could. Jim Zorn had propelled the Seahawks to the most rapid development of any NFL expansion team ever. A preseason computer readout had projected that the Seahawks would finish with a 1-15 record. But on this day, 48 hours before their final game, the Seahawks were 8-7, largely because of quarterback Jim Zorn.

Flamboyant and erratic for his first two years, directing a crew of cast-offs and not-quites through an endless catch-up scenario, Zorn improvised an offense rich in scrambles and long bombs. Always entertaining, he was pure peaks and valleys. The first time he touched the ball for Seattle in an August, 1976, preseason effort, Zorn clotheslined a 48-yard completion. And then two more quick ones, requiring only 3:55 to gain 78 yards and a touchdown. He shone brightly enough to eclipse Dennis Shaw's NFL rookie passing record, with 2,571 yards. He was picked by his peers as the league's Offensive Rookie of the Year.

In darker moments, Zorn tried the souls of coach Jack Patera and offensive coordinator Jerry Rhome. "It didn't take Z long to prove he was goin' to make things happen," Rhome drawled wryly as he headed for Zorn's Volkswagen after this final practice of 1978. "Sometimes they were terrible things, but happen they did."

Zorn shook his head mournfully at the memory, his light brown hair gently massaging his ears as he drove off. "Boy, I had some *awful* games in '76 and '77. Against Detroit that first year, I threw six interceptions and the linebackers dropped two more. Then last year, it seemed like I couldn't put two good games back to back."

He was absolutely correct, but in 1978—from his opening 329 passing yards against San Diego—Zorn established himself as a mature and consistent performer. Praises came long and often, and no less an authority than Pittsburgh's Mean Joe Green, weary after chasing the skittering Zorn all afternoon, flatly declared him "the best young quarterback in the league." Zorn matches the best NFL quarterbacks for first-three-seasons performance, especially those who have come to excellence gradually: Terry Bradshaw, Bert Jones, Ken Stabler.

And, for a team cultivating an All-America image, Zorn's gangly, Huck Finn presence off the field is a major public relations asset. Majority owner Herman Sarkowsky and general manager John Thompson pride themselves in developing "character," a concept that seems to emphasize church-going and visiting hospitals. Independent spirits like Ahmad Rashad and Mike Curtis paused only briefly in Seattle. Those few players with a nose or palate for chemicals or rambling ladies stay well underground.

Zorn himself is a teetotaler and born-again Christian, on a team with the largest such contingent in the NFL. He has no interest in high life, drives a 1972 VW which he services himself, and dresses mostly in jeans and Adidas. "I'm not a Joe Namath," he says in innocent understatement. Like many of the star athletes of the late 1970's, he dwells among the Roger Staubachs and Steve Garveys of the planet. "But what's he *really* like, underneath that whole-some hype?" jaded visitors often ask their Seattle

continued



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Zorn *continued*

hosts. The response is almost invariably the same: "nice."

"Some people might think I'm a goody-goody," he says. "I'm not opposed to alcohol, but if you want to hang around with me, you probably won't drink. I just don't go where it's popular. I spend a lot of time with my girlfriend, playing backgammon, going to Bible groups, stuff like that."

That night, at Hector's Lounge, Seahawk season highlights were being shown on a giant Betamax system. The crowd stirred when a recent 17-16 victory over the Raiders at Oakland punched up on the screen. Early in the first quarter, chucking off two tacklers, the Seahawks' lefthanded quarterback rolled out and hit Steve Raible with a perfect 38-yard strike. A zoom caught then-Raider coach John Madden raking his hair in anguish.

Madden suffered more before the afternoon ended. Zorn rolled and sprinted and scrambled long enough to complete 23 passes for 270 yards, including one breathtaking pass of 27 yards to his favorite target, wide receiver Steve Largent.

On Sunday morning, the sparkly Kingdome, where the Seahawks would

play Kansas City, loomed in the gray drizzle. Giant tubular steel banks of red plastic basketball seats sat outside, looking like the rain-glazed remains of some tribe of Pleistocene beasts. In the Dome interior, the chief of operations wrinkled his brow over such problems as removing chewing gum from the synthetic playing field.

The Seattle coaching staff had arrived very early, and offensive coordinator Jerry Rhome, himself a former quarterback, talked freely about his prize pupil. The squat Rhome had been a major force in Zorn's impressive 1978 season, and the Seahawk offense rolled smartly to his cadence.

"When we signed Jim as a free agent in '76, he was a long shot," Rhome said. "He'd spent time with Dallas and L.A., and our staff knew about him and liked him, but he was raw. But then after I had my quarterback school in May, 1976, I knew he was the one to go with." A good journeyman pro for eight years, Rhome sees Zorn as an outlet for that accumulated experience. "When it comes to football, we're on the same page, and if I had a son, I'd want him to be like this kid. He's completely real."

As his voice rose above the growing din of mastadons getting into their equipment, Rhome detailed the factors

behind Zorn's improvement: "Physically, he's the quickest quarterback in the league and his arm is excellent. We run a lot of sprints, draws, play-action stuff to give him time to execute, and he's had to learn how."

Rhome paused, glancing over a clipboard of play sequences planned for today's game. "A quarterback is finally only as good as his team, especially his lines, and we've been slow to come around until this year. We gave up a bunch of points last year, and he had to go to bombs to catch us up. If you look it up, you'll find that his TDs averaged 31 yards last year—longest in the league. This year, we're deeper and he has more time to develop an offense."

"Let me tell you, friend," Rhome continued. "You've got four seconds to compute which of 20 defenses 11 hitters are into, which of four receivers is open, how much you want on the ball. Then you take the pop. It takes head and heart to play the position, and you don't put them together overnight. Most guys never do. It's taken Jim three years."

Rhome believes that his student has been helped by his club's policy of calling plays from upstairs. Rhome sits near the pressbox during games, working the phone to the bench and directing plays that are carried in by flankers. The prac-



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tice of calling in plays from on high has been criticized by some experts—particularly quarterbacks—and following a loss to Seattle, Viking Fran Tarkenton cracked, “Jerry Rhome called a nice game; Zorn’s good, but he’s out of a generation of robots, told what to do in every situation. I came up with Y.A. Tittle, Bobby Layne, John Unitas—*personalities*. We called our own plays, created the excitement that made this game, not some guy in a suit with a telephone in his hand.”

The Seahawks smarted from his comments. “Opinions are like asses. Everybody has one,” Rhome says. “I know Fran and respect him 100 percent, but right now, only six or seven quarterbacks call their own plays. Defenses are much more complex, I have the whole field in front of me. In his rookie year, Zorn called his own plays for the first four games, and he felt like he was in deep, deep water.”

Zorn popped into the office, and teacher and pupil brightened on seeing each other. It could have been a trying week for Zorn, given the punishing defeat at San Diego last Sunday that ended Seattle’s playoff hopes, and the fact that he had not been named to the Pro Bowl squad on Friday, an omission Zorn shrugged off. But he was resolute;



Zorn is guided during games by offensive coordinator Jerry Rhome in the pressbox.

he and the Seahawks wanted their ninth victory for a .500-plus season. When it was time to take the field, Zorn called out to Rhome: “Let’s go coach, let’s go and get some.”

There is an eerie Muzak quality to indoor football, and the opposing Kansas City Chiefs, affecting a Neanderthal offense led by a fullhouse backfield, inspired mass somnolence. But the tender-ankled Zorn roused the assem-

bled 58,490 with one stroke at 5:45 of the first quarter. He sprinted laterally to his right in an apparent option, bellied back and set up, head faking to his right, then hitting flanker Largent—the league leader in pass reception—on a fly down the middle. A 57-yard touchdown. The Seahawk offense played well, and the defense leaked as usual. But Seattle went on to clinch the first winning sea-

continued

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Zorn *continued*

son in its history.

The 1978 season over, a rare sun greeted the Seahawks on Monday as they straggled into the lakeside offices for final physicals. Zorn, Steve Largent and John "Country" Sawyer sprawled in a darkened classroom downstairs, enjoying the films of yesterday's offense, the quarterback reversing and slo-mo-ing key plays four or five times.

"The statue's been a hot play this year!" Zorn exclaimed. "We ran those flood screens like I thought—look, there's that 76 y-and-b switch." Zorn dissected the game precisely, pausing to admonish two late-hitting Chief linebackers. His scowl faded to laughter as a linebacker bludgeoned trucklike tight end John Sawyer out of his pass route.

"Hoo. Upside muh haid," Sawyer muttered between dips of Tube Rose snuff. "Boy *dinged* me."

The season complete, Zorn was now ready to think of a vacation and Christmas and a busy day of errands lay before him. He climbed into the leather innards of a 12-cylinder yellow Jaguar, and he seemed almost apologetic about the expensive car. "I drove it for the weekend but I'm not gonna buy it. No gas mileage, I can't afford it." Zorn lives modestly, but is well aware that the future holds more than Volkswagens and bachelor's quarters. He talks of wedding plans, a new house with a sailing dock, a search for a successor to "The Volks," now nearing the 100,000-mile mark. Recently he had been trying out VW supercampers, Porsches and Jags like a youngster experimenting with his dad's razor.

What about the Bentley?

"Well, yeah, I bought a 1955 Bentley Continental Coupe, which was rumored to be Elizabeth Taylor's old car, as an investment." He grinned, embarrassed. "Now that it's been in the shop four months, it turns out cars aren't a good investment. A lesson."

Most of Zorn's recent lessons have been football-related. An Artesia, Cal. native, he had no scholarship offers out of Gahr High School, did not play much in junior college, and was offered minimal aid to go to Cal Poly (Pomona). Still, he went on to become a Little All-America in 1973, and fully expected to be selected in the middle of the 1975 NFL draft. Sitting by a silent telephone for two days, he was ignored through all 17 rounds . . . a humbling experience. "Heck yes, I was disappointed. My friends at school asked me what had happened. What could I say? I just didn't get drafted."

Dallas, Kansas City and the New York Giants made free-agent offers, and Zorn signed a \$15,000 contract with the Cowboys, contingent on his making the club. He played well, destined for the third slot behind Roger Staubach and Clint Longley. "I was in great shape. I worked really hard, and three days before the season I survived the last cuts. I was sitting there with Staubach, slapping palms and all that, saying, 'Rog, I made the team. I did it!' Then tap, tap on the shoulder: 'Bring your playbook, son.'" Dallas had picked up Preston Pearson on waivers from Pittsburgh. Goodbye Z. "Another experience that taught me a little humility."

In January, 1976, Seattle—acting on director of personnel Dick Mansberger's knowledge as a former Dallas employee—signed Zorn. But before

that, upon being released by Dallas in 1975, Zorn was stashed illegally by the Los Angeles Rams. Although not among the number of players allotted to them by NFL rules, he worked out with the Rams, on call in case one of their quarterbacks was injured, for which services he was paid with funds laundered through a realty company. Similar stashing infractions cost Houston \$15,000 in fines several years ago, and the Raiders a third-round 1979 draft choice. When Zorn casually admitted to his tenure with them, all the Rams would say was, "Zorn? Nobody by that name ever played for us." When Zorn himself was asked about the conflict between his avowed principles and illegal football procedures, Zorn glared and said, "Man, I don't have anything to say about it. You writers can't let it alone, can you?"

Zorn pulled the Jag into the dealership and told the salesman the car was not for him: "Twelve miles a gallon is too expensive." The salesman was nevertheless thrilled by Jim Zorn's presence and asked for an autograph.

Continuing on his errands in his Volks, Zorn talked enthusiastically about life in the Pacific Northwest, of sailing and skiing, the most recent interests of this transplanted California surfer and speed skater. Inspecting ski gear in a downtown store, he ordered several items, saying, "I like this store a lot. You know, I worked here for the week before Christmas last year. I just wanted to know about selling sporting goods, and I met a lot of nice people."

Over a late lunch, Zorn received a stream of bashful fans. Between his bites of a hamburger, two kids wanted to feel his muscle, an ex-teammate invited him to go skiing and a young housewife asked about his ankle.

It all seemed so serene, one wondered if there was some one thing that could bring out anger in the mild-mannered, very together Zorn.

Thinking about it, a pensive calm sets in. "Wait, I know." He came to life, his brown eyes flashing. "There's one thing. It makes me so *doggone* mad. He gripped his orange juice glass tightly. "Careless drivers," he blurted. "I really get ticked off at careless drivers. They actually come over in your lane."

After lunch, parking at the team office, Zorn was surrounded by kids when he stepped out of his car. He bantered with each by name, until one poked a football into his hands and tugged at his left arm chirping, "JIM! JIM! ME! ME!"

Then the youngster broke free of the pack, dashing down a lane in the parking lot. Zorn, grinning, took three quick steps backward and laid the ball in the boy's hands. Everyone cheered. □

The elusive Zorn got off his pass before Bengal Gary Burley could get to him.



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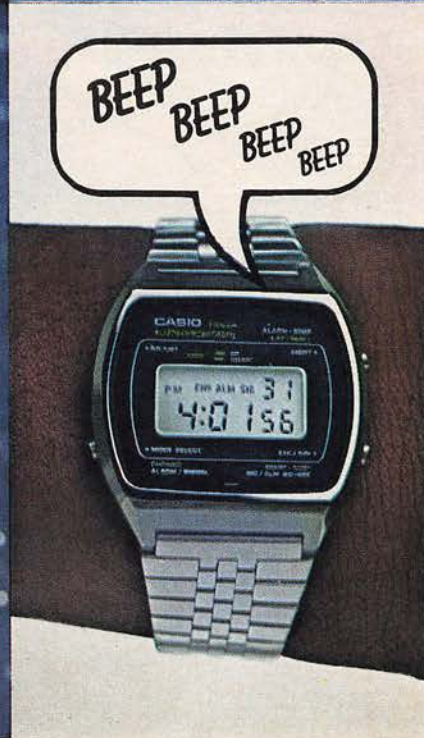
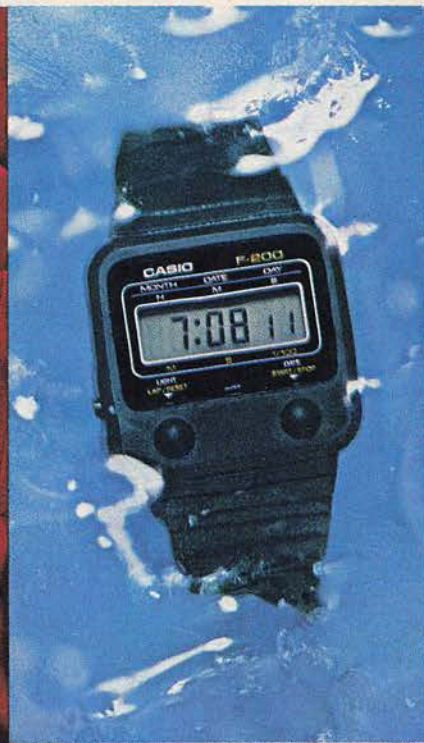
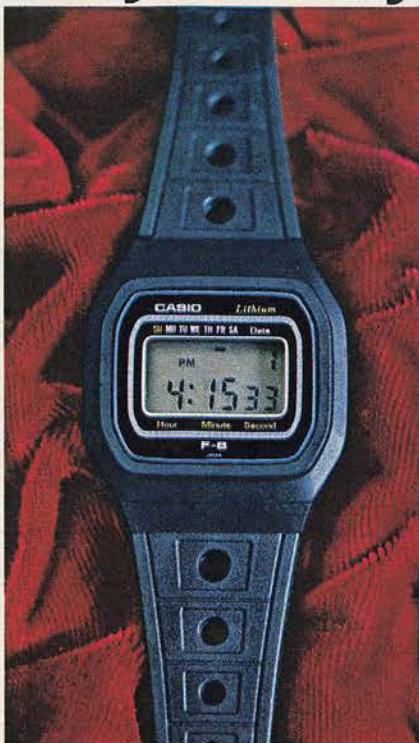
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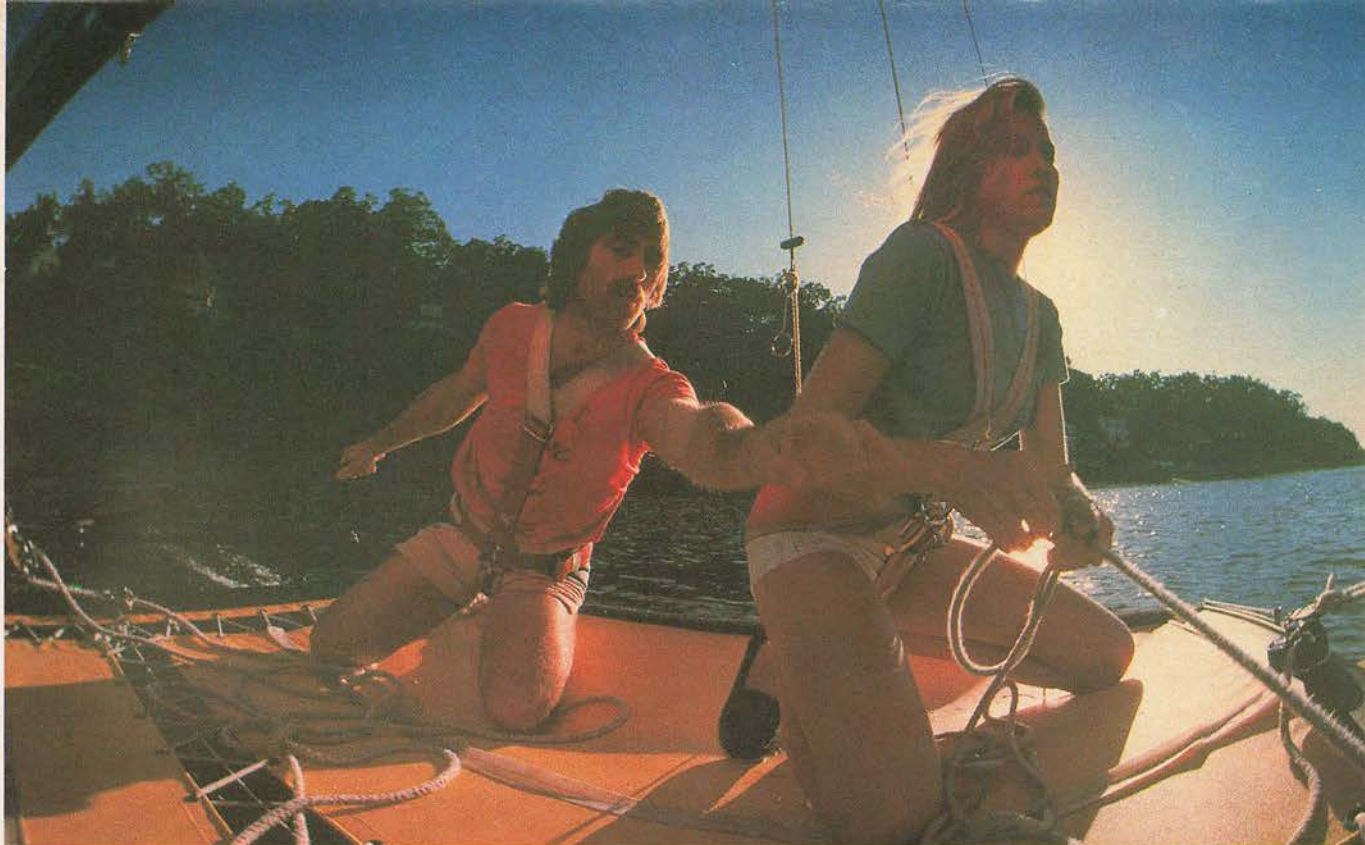
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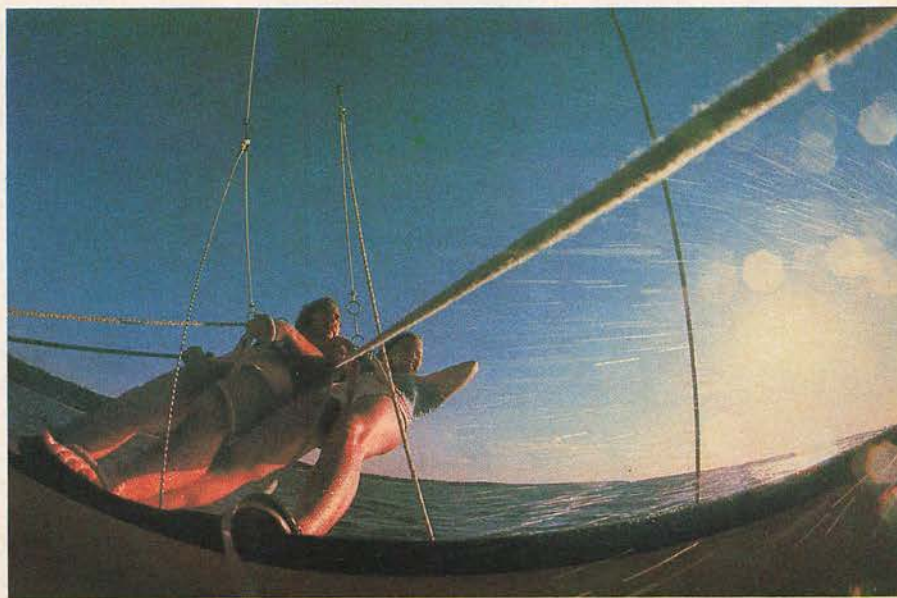


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Alter's boat is practically as stripped-down and functional as a surfboard: two banana-shaped hulls are joined by stretched pieces of canvas that form the "trampoline" deck. And a huge sail. However simple, when a Hobie Cat gets going, it raises up on one hull like a hotdogging skier while the crew hikes way over the windward side in a harnesslike "trapeze" (below) that attaches to a sidestay. It reaches speeds of over 25 mph. *continued*





'Hiking' Only Proves There's More Than One Way To Flip a Cat

Hiking out parallel to the water under a 30-knot wind may look dangerous, but it's a roller coaster kind of peril—the feeling of danger when there really isn't any. A capsized boat blown over by a sudden wind shift, or flipped back by a squalling gust that turns the canvas deck into a sail, can be readily righted by almost anyone, according to veteran Hobie Cat owners.

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Hobie Cat sailors have no trouble beaching their boats. The "kickup" rudders allow them to be sailed right up onto the shore. Recreational Hobie sailors vouch for their boats' camping capabilities. A beached Hobie Cat's trampoline feels like it was made for a sleeping bag. All you have to do is keep the marshmallows dry.

But more than half of America's hundred-thousand-plus Hobie Cat sailors use their catamarans for racing. Race strategy could fill a library because Hobies handle very little like monohulled craft. A Hobie Cat's tacking maneuverability is sluggish, especially if the wind dies abruptly. But a fresh breeze brings instant acceleration.

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Hobie Catting has less to do with winning and losing than with leaning and careening. The magical state of *whoosh!* can be attained by anybody. And Hobie Alter is designing a new boat—a 33-foot model which is clearly for bigtime commodores. But a 14-footer can be acquired for less than half of what it costs to buy an economy car. And when a Hobie tips over, as in the picture at left . . . well, you're *supposed* to be able to right it without help. □





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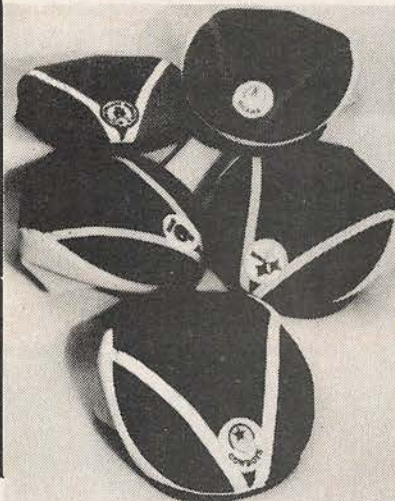
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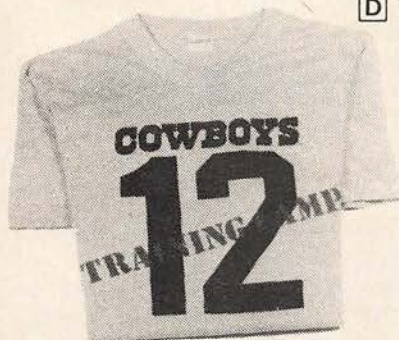


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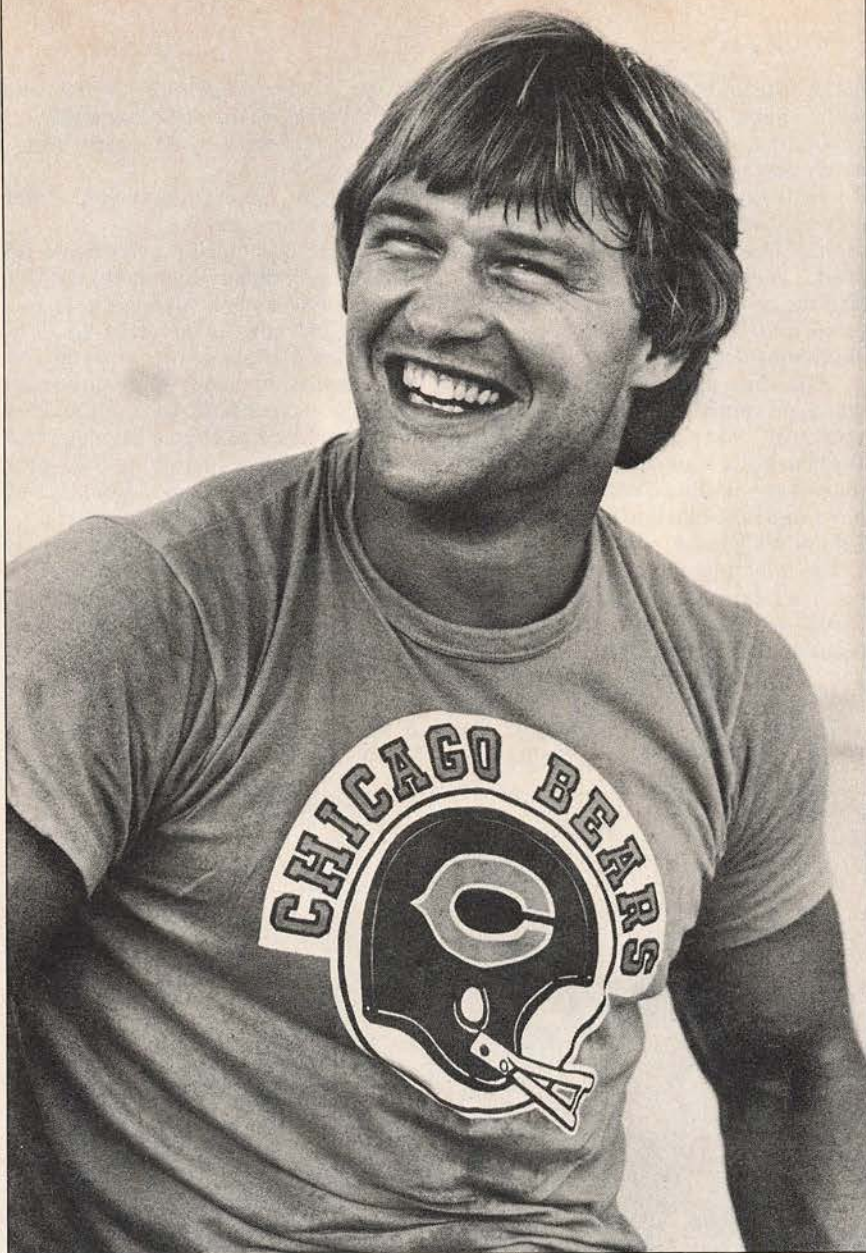
Bears' safety Doug Plank pops everybody—even his teammates

by JOHN SCHULIAN

Plank, what do you think you're doing?" Not even the National Football League has enough computers to tote up the number of times the Chicago Bears' bruise-inducing free safety has been asked to explain why he levels teammates and opponents alike with the same gleeful abandon. And all Doug Plank can do is smile and mumble an apology that sounds like it is coming out of a cement mixer. No, he hasn't got an explanation, but he does have a guess. "Maybe it's because I close my eyes just before I hit somebody," he says.

His fellow Bears find his uncontained hitting outside the realm of reason. "Doug just goes into a trance for an entire game," says strong safety Gary Fencik. "You look at him and you don't know what wavelength he's on."

continued



Plank (No. 46) goes airborne in pursuit of Cowboy Tony Dorsett and (above) can be found at the center of a pileup against Green Bay.

Plank *continued*

Perhaps it is the same wavelength the movers and shakers at the SALT talks were so concerned about. Because Plank gambols madly around the polyurethane turf, a 5-foot-11½, 197-pound missile colliding with the enemy, teammates, officials—anybody he can find. "There are times," he says, "when I'm so charged up I'd hit the guy holding the yard marker if I could."

And the final gun means nothing to the Bears' most joyfully violent performer since Dick Butkus. Plank could go another 60 minutes. He prowls the dressing room, talking, backslapping—never stopping. And even though the game is over, there is the gleeful promise of the upcoming week's practice sessions. "It's just in me," he says with innocence. "I have to hit people."

Lake Forest, Ill., the site of the Bears' training facilities, is a highly incongruous setting for organized malevolence. For four years the Bears have been getting their act together in a public park in Chicago's fanciest suburb. This is where the old money is stashed—money belonging to the Armours and the Swifts and other bluebloods. While Mercedes-Benzes and Lincoln Continentals glide past stately mansions on tree-shaded streets, the Bears are out there wrestling with their shot-and-a-beer image.

The offense is the subject of the day, and they are dealing with it in a half-speed drill in full uniform. On a pass play over the middle, Steve Schubert, a reserve wide receiver with the resiliency of a wharf rat, leaps for the ball. He never sees the blond bullet speeding toward him. Say good night, Steve.

As the Bears' medics pick up the pieces, Plank peeks over their shoulders and rasps, "Sorry."

"Oh," says Schubert, "it's you."

He should have known. Of all the Bears, only Douglas Michael Plank, the perfectly named carpenter who restores homes in the off-season, has so much difficulty distinguishing friend from foe. Although that doesn't seem too much to ask of a 26-year-old college graduate, Plank is a special case. "He really doesn't take the other bodies on the field into consideration," Fencik says. Such rampant hostility is fine when savaging Minnesota's wide receiver Ahmad Rashad, who won't run a crossing pattern against the Bears in anything other than a Brink's truck since Plank got to him. And Plank's hit-anything-that-moves spontaneity makes it clear why tight ends Charle Young of Los Angeles and Raymond Chester of Oakland spice up their afternoons by trying to dismember him. And though the Bears can't figure out why he crunches so many of

his own teammates, after four seasons with Plank, they *have* grasped the importance of avoiding him. Unfortunately that isn't always possible, which is why fellow linebacker Tom Hicks got mowed down in the Denver game last year. "The play had just been blown dead," Plank explains, "so it was either hit Tom or hit the ball carrier and get a penalty." He shrugs, an obvious victim of circumstance.

"One thing about Doug—he's always going, no matter how far out of the game you are," says wide receiver Brian Baschnagel, a teammate since the two of them were at Ohio State. "It's good to have someone like him around. At least I think it's good."

The only time the Bears' great thinkers have expressed reservations about Plank was last season when injuries reduced their receiving corps to seeds and stems. Suddenly there were no more wry smiles when Plank took aim at a pass receiver in practice. "Uh, Doug," said head coach Neill Arm-

strong, "why don't you sit this one out?" Plank left the field reluctantly. "I think his feelings were genuinely hurt," Gary Fencik says.

And why not? Doug Plank, killer safety, is a nice guy.

"People don't believe it when I tell them I don't do anything more exciting in the off-season than play a little basketball and talk to the Jay-Cees," he says. "I don't fight dogs or go to the zoo and wrestle lions. Hey, did you see the karate guy on Johnny Carson the other night? He tried to chop a burning brick in half and caught himself on fire—took all the skin off his hand. Look at my hands. The skin's all there, right?"

But that makes him sound merely sane instead of thoroughly nice. If that is the case, his wife Nancy will attest to the inherent loveliness of the man-child she met at Ohio State seven years ago

continued

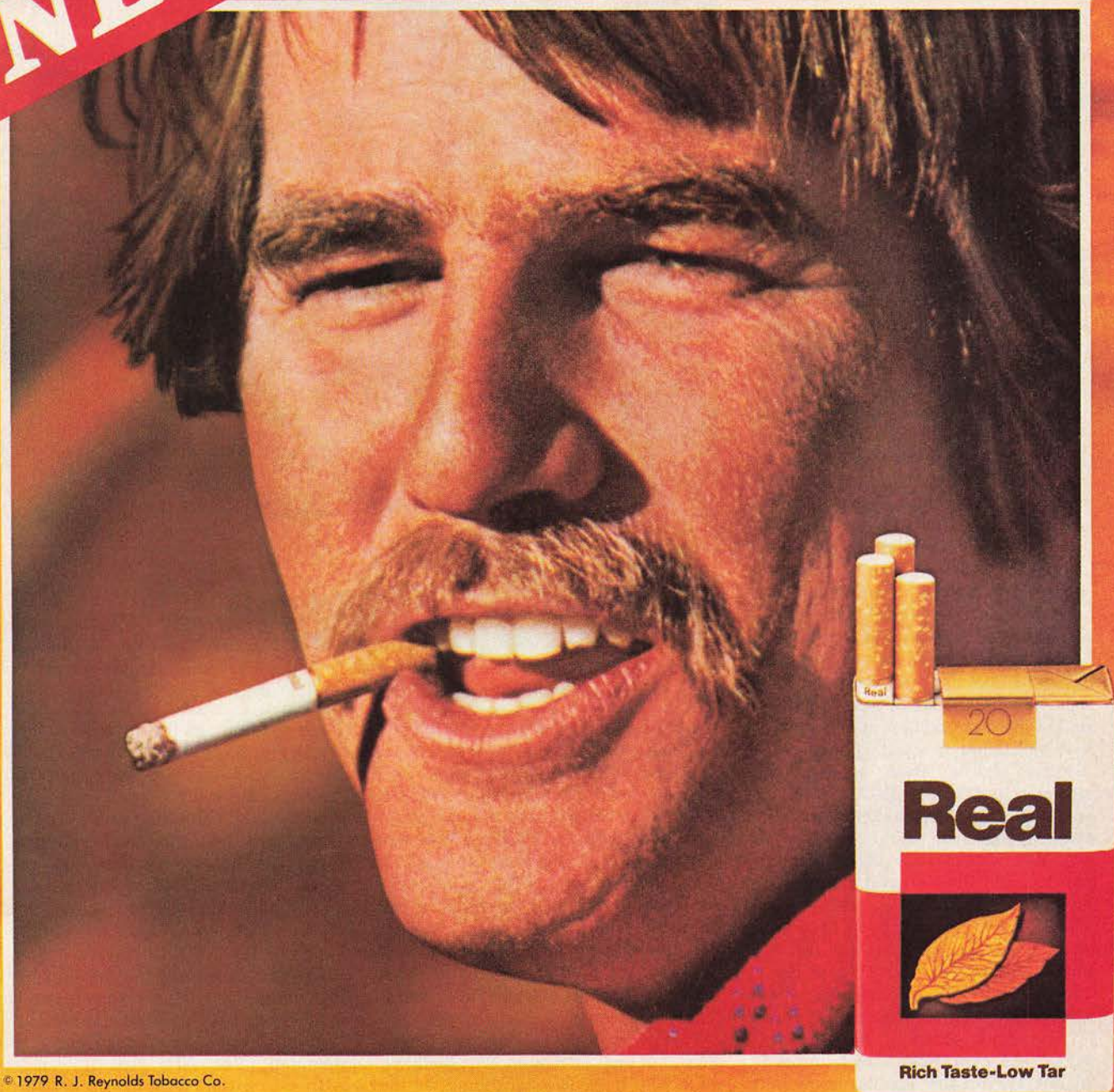
In the preseason Plank kept himself trim by working out on Bear weight machines.



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Plank *continued*

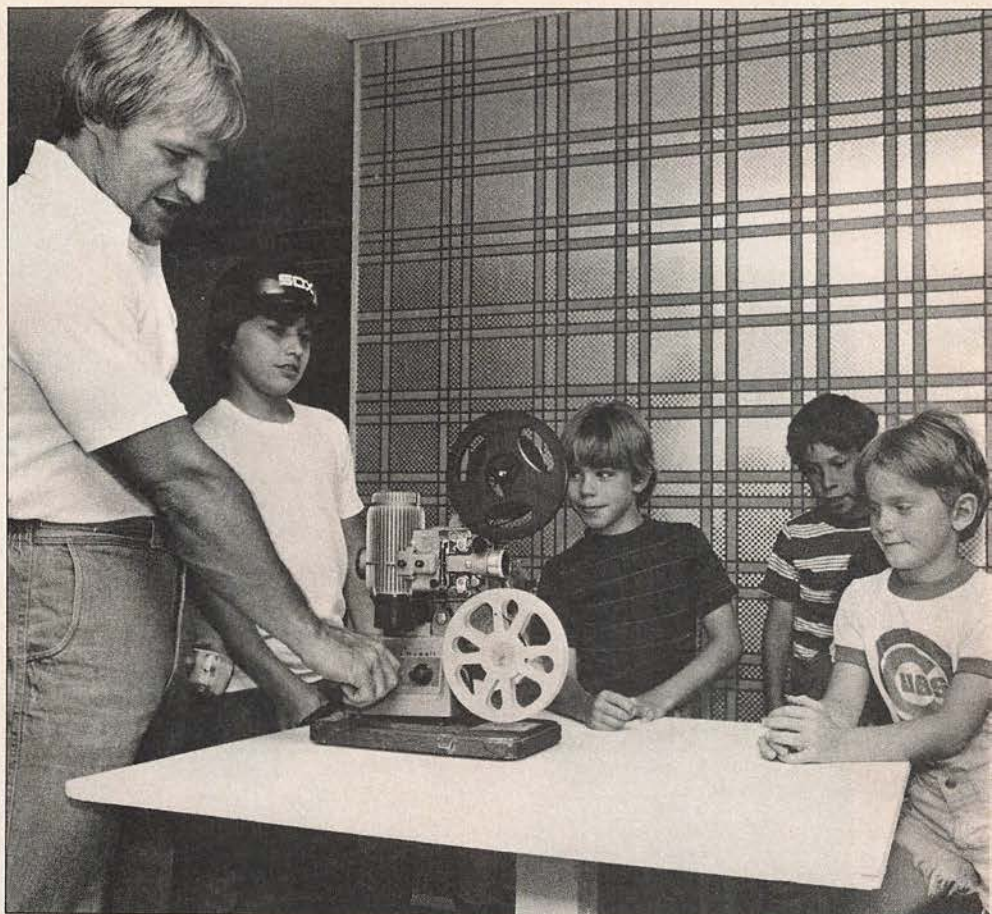
and married four years later. "Doug is the sweetest, softest person I've ever known," she says. To prove this assessment, Nancy talks about how her husband helped the family next door move furniture and how he takes the neighborhood kids out for ice cream. "Those kids," she says, "they'd live on our front porch if I let them." And then she mentions his devotion to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and his unfailing courtesy to the glad-handers who trap him at banquets.

Still, rumors concerning Plank's off-field antics do get around. There used to be one about how he would run through his front door when he forgot his key. "I was just kidding about that," says place-kicker Bob Thomas, Plank's former roommate. To repent, Thomas launches into a monologue about a couch he bought for one of the humble abodes he and Plank shared. It was ten feet long, the color of a radioactive robin's egg and, says Thomas, "so ugly we never went in the living room. But Doug didn't say anything about it for two years."

In those bachelor days, Plank was the Chicago singles-scene's resident square. A wild evening would consist of his bellying up to the bar and ordering a soft drink called Mountain Dew—which is only his second-favorite potion. His first is a chocolate milk shake. "I've seen him knock down seven of those shakes in a day and four in one sitting," says an obviously awed Thomas.

Plank drove Bear watchers to stronger stuff in 1977 when he announced that he would negotiate his own contract. He could see no other way out because his agent, Howard Slusher, and Bear general manager Jim Finks had long been at each other's jugulars. "There was only going to be more trouble," Plank says, "so Jim—uh, Mr. Finks—and I set up a couple meetings." The Chicago papers reported that Plank walked away with a three-year contract for \$85,000 a season. "No way," he says, "but everybody still believes it. All the kids in the neighborhood were coming up and saying their fathers wanted to know what I was doing living here with that kind of a salary." Plank explained that a ranch house in suburban Buffalo Grove is all he and his wife could afford. Then, to change the subject, he would invite the kids in to watch football movies with him.

Lord, how he loves those movies. They show Dick Butkus in his drooling, bone-bending prime. "He comes blazing in there, throwing guards out of the way, twisting bodies around," Plank says. "On the sound track, it's like an animal chewing a hunk of meat. And on



Nancy Plank asserts that her husband, who loves showing neighborhood kids football films of manic hitting, is "the sweetest, softest person I've ever known."

the blitzes . . . jeez, his whole body is shaking. You looked at his face and you knew he was coming." Plank's voice overflows with undisguised awe. It is as if he has never watched himself play.

Nobody, you see, has done more than this brewery worker's son to keep the flame burning under the Bears' fearsome image. Not bad for someone who couldn't crack Ohio State's starting defense and who was a 12th-round draft choice in 1975. Not bad for someone who still wonders, "If the Bears hadn't taken me, would anybody have?"

Plank had all the makings of a perfect Bear, but he was an imperfect Buckeye. "I'm sure they were worried about me flipping out," he says. "Our defensive backfield coach was always asking if my mother had dropped me on my head when I was a baby."

While there are no records of any such event in Irwin, Pa., Plank does admit to some fairly bizarre childhood pastimes. Prime among them was the day-in, day-out rock fight he had with his two brothers. "Robbie, the younger one, didn't always dodge when he was supposed to," says Plank. Of course, Plank could never understand what all the fuss was about—he liked getting hit. Though used mostly as a running back at Norwin

High School, on the occasions when Plank played quarterback, he kept calling his own number on running plays lest he miss out on the contact.

Surely the recruiting geniuses from Ohio State should have realized something was amiss even then. But they went ahead and courted him anyway, and after being rejected by his first choice, Penn State, Plank was only too happy to say hello, Columbus.

His friends warned that he would get lost among the behemoths there. He laughed at them until the unruly cartilage in his right knee landed him on an operating table. After that, he was left with an uncharacteristic problem: "I had to convince everybody I wasn't a faker." What better way to do that than by making his mark on the kickoff team in his varsity debut? He raced downfield and tackled the first target he saw wearing an Iowa uniform. Sad to say, the target wasn't the ball carrier.

Coach Woody Hayes and his cadre always had doubts about Plank after that, even though as a young defensive back, he was willing, literally, to knock himself out for Ohio State and his coach. "I can't tell you how many times it happened," Plank says. "The circumstances are kind of hard to remember, if

you know what I mean. But people shouldn't go thinking I have a soft head. When I knock myself out, I usually knock the other guy out, too."

Perhaps Hayes was trying to protect Plank from himself by keeping him on the bench. Or maybe the old curmudgeon simply thought he had better defensive backs than Plank. To be sure, Hayes wasn't hurting with Tim Fox, Neal Colzie and Steve Luke, all of whom grew up to play in NFL secondaries. Plank got in the lineup only if one of the starters was hurt. Once the starter healed, it was back on the sidelines for him. It didn't even matter that he made a tackle on the one-foot line that got Ohio State past Michigan and into the 1974 Rose Bowl. "I looked around on the bench and I couldn't see any other seniors," he says of the Bowl game. "I really felt like a failure." He didn't stop feeling that way until the Bears hit him with the good news.

To be honest, Chicago didn't know what it was getting. "When you're down to the 12th round, everything is a gamble," says Jim Finks. "With Doug, we got blind lucky." Granted, Bear scouts had noted that Plank was quick and agile and tough. That description, however, fits a multitude of NFL draftees. What the Bears hadn't counted on was coming up with a long shot who acted as if he had been present at the creation of the Monsters of the Midway.

"If there was a team to come to, this was it," says Plank. "All I heard was, 'We miss Butkus. We love hitting. If you can't do anything except knock people down, you'll make the team.' So I told myself I was going to crack as many heads as I could."

He first drew a bead on a marginal running back who was in training camp trying to make the team. The running back took exception to Plank's exuberance, fists flew and a legend was born.

It was a welcome relief when the Bears finally could turn Plank loose on Green Bay in a preseason game. He needed no pep talk because the Packers' premier tackle breaker at the time was fullback John Brockington, one of the examples of alumni greatness that had been forever thrown up to Plank at Ohio State. So when Brockington crashed into the secondary, Plank crashed into the big back with everything he had.

"I went flying into his legs," he says, "and he brought up one of his knees and boinggggg. Going down, I knew I was in trouble. I had to put that old white flag up. It was all I could do just to get over to the sidelines. The next time, I made sure I was hanging onto his shirt, not running into those power pistons."

What impressed Jack Pardee, then the Bears' head coach, was that there was a

continued



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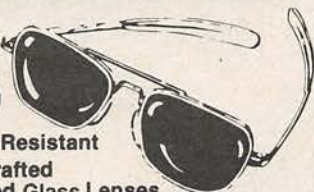
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Plank *continued*

next time. When veteran safety Gary Lyle pulled up lame, there was no doubt in the minds of the Bears' coaching staff who would replace him.

"I sure didn't know how to play safety," Plank says. No matter. With Pardee's unorthodox defense, safeties were the same as linebackers. For the moment, hitting was the thing; Plank could learn the intricacies of pass coverage on the job. Besides, who would notice? The Bears were muddling through an abysmal 4-10 season, and novices and incompetents were everywhere. "I think the people in Chicago were happy just to see the old Bears' style," says Plank.

There were outlanders who weren't, of course—killjoys from Green Bay and Detroit and a lot of other NFL cities. Loudly and profanely they ranked Plank among the league's premier cheap-shot artists. The knocks started in 1976 when he rearranged a knee for Lions wide receiver J.D. Hill. "The guy made it sound like I hit him on the way back to the huddle," Plank says. Plank discovered that innocence was not considered a valid excuse. More and more people kept pointing fingers at him. Last sea-

son, when the Bears were turning from a playoff team into an embarrassment with an eight-game losing streak, the lordly Denver Broncos shouted their rage en masse. Paul Howard, Denver's 260-pound guard, had somehow got bounced into Plank's path, where he came into abrupt contact with a helmet that fractured his sternum. "Dirty, dirty, dirty," screamed the Broncos. Plank didn't even blink. He had heard it all a thousand times before.

Only Barty Smith, the Green Bay fullback, appears to have discovered how to get to him. After taking Plank's best shot last season, Smith leaped to his feet and said, "Nice hit."

"That really destroyed me," says the man whose goal is "to play like I grew up with wild animals."

Lest Plank's image be ruined by Smith's gibe, remember the Bears' 1978 finale against Washington and the fate of the referee who backed into Plank's line of fire. Down the official went, bugged and breathless. Up he came, looking for Plank. "I know it was you!" the referee sputtered.

The shamefaced Doug Plank stared at the ground, shuffled his feet and muttered, "Sorry."

And he was, too—until the next play. □



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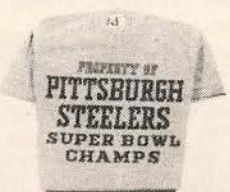
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The Nicest Thing They Call Him Is 'Peter Perfect'

"Everyone wants to beat me," says Peter Gregg, the unhumblest American in GT racing. His uppity candor and winning ways raise hackles and unkind remarks among competitors

by MARTHA LORINI

Forty-two race cars dart and cut through the Florida darkness. Surging around and around Daytona's serpentine 3.84-mile roadcourse, the shadowy, streamlined forms are identifiable only by sound and by the unique, multi-colored running lights located on the cars' rooflines. They are running at 200 mph as they approach Turn One, a sharp 60-mile-an-hour lefthander. Dropping into this turn, some cars shoot wakes of flame as they rapidly decelerate. These lines of light are the only illumination on the track.

The 24-Hours of Daytona is Peter Gregg's event. Gregg is the five-time International Motor Sports Association champion, a series for GT cars—the racing versions of luxury sports cars—as well as a four-time winner of Daytona's grueling endurance event. In 16 years of racing, Gregg had won 147 of 321 races as of the end of July—an exceptional record. Of the 39 races he has entered at Daytona, he has won 16 times; he is a two-time SCCA TransAm champion, and this season he is well on his way to his sixth IMSA GT title.

There are those IMSA fans and competitors who feel Gregg could handle his winning ways with more humility and less criticism of others. But the 38-year-old Gregg shrugs off such suggestions, saying, "As you become more successful at competitive sports, you can make more and more people uncomfortable. It's irritating when there are 14 IMSA races and I win nine out of 14 [as he did in 1978]. Most of those guys [his competitors] have Porsches the same as mine . . . how do they explain that to their wives and friends?"

Gregg can seem like the kid in the classroom who always knows the better way to play a game, who proves it and

then flaunts it. In fact, his victories and his mouth have earned him the nickname, "Peter Perfect."

But you get the feeling that Gregg doesn't care what others call him, because everyone has a weakness or two. Sitting in his Jacksonville, Fla., apartment, he sips a glass of Gallo white wine and points out one of his weaknesses, saying, "I don't drink much; if I had more than a glass or two of wine, I'd get incoherent." Then he points out weaknesses in competitors: "[Racer] Sam Posey raids his refrigerator . . . [French racer] Claude Ballot-Lena smokes like a fiend . . ." And returns to himself: "I occasionally eat too many cashews, I tend to jump to conclusions—though I think I'm getting better about that—and when it's time for me to go to bed, I end up starting a new book or getting hooked on a TV show. I guess I don't like to go to bed. And I have a weakness for pretty women."

It is his drive for precision, however, that appears to be the main thrust of his lifestyle. Had he been with his own team and racing his own car at the Daytona 24-Hours this year, it's likely he'd now have an unprecedented five wins at America's most prestigious endurance race. But this year, Gregg farmed out his driving services to the German Georg Loos Gelo team. Gregg did not enter his own car because his new turbocharged Porsche 935 would not arrive from the factory for a month, and it didn't seem worth it to make the race in last year's car, which Gregg viewed as a possible loser. "It costs \$60,000 to run Daytona," says his crew chief Jack Atkinson; "\$30,000 to prepare the car and another \$30,000 to reprepare it after the race." Adds Gregg, "And you earn the same number of [IMSA] points you

do for a one-hour race at Road Atlanta."

So to save money and still have a shot at possible IMSA points if he made a good showing, Gregg decided to hire out to the Loos team. Gregg co-drove the first of the Loos two-car team with premier endurance driver Jackie Ickx and European GT racer Bob Wollek.

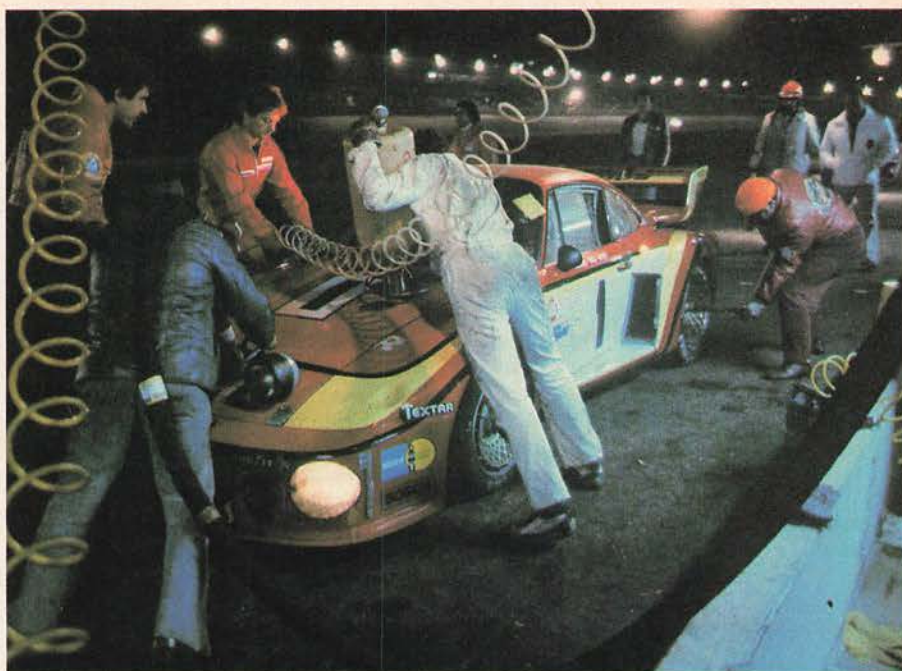
Even before the 24-Hours, Gregg wasn't optimistic about his chances because he had little faith in the Loos team's organizational abilities. "I'm not psyched up about this race," he said. "My attitude is 'don't get your hopes up.'" His premonitions of foul-ups by the Loos team were soon borne out. Consider this rumored race-week scenario: both Loos team cars were flown from Brussels to New York's Kennedy Airport, where someone neglected to unload them. They went back to Brussels before the error was discovered and thus arrived at the track a day late. "I don't understand how they do anything," Gregg said of the Loos outfit. "If you watch that team, you'll find it an education. I'm not pleased to be driving with them, I don't like the way they run anything." Then he shrugged. "But there's no point in my getting upset about things beyond my control."

Gregg drove a total of 5½ hours in the Loos car at Daytona. While he was sleeping at a nearby motel, the car broke a valve and was withdrawn from the race. When Gregg was awakened with the news, he just rolled over and went back to sleep.

Some five hours later he arrived at the

continued

The pit crew couldn't help Gregg win his fifth Daytona this year (top right), but he won at Laguna Seca, Cal. (bottom).

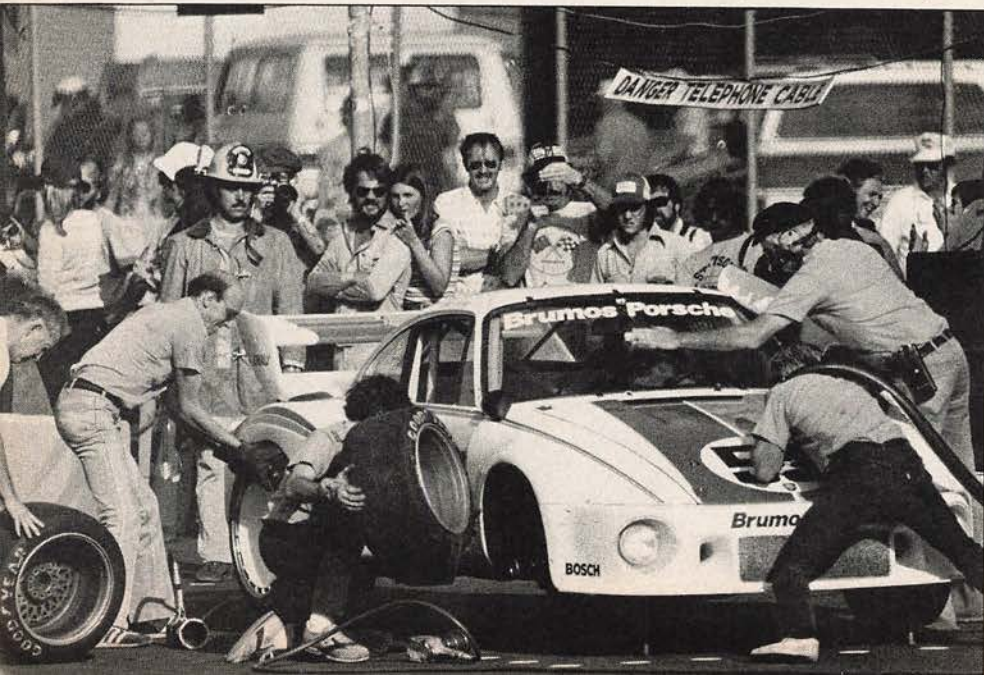


Gregg *continued*

track in his \$30,000 street Porsche with his 14-year-old son Simon. As Gregg spoke curtly to reporters and eager-to-be-buddies fans, he watched his son park the car. Not satisfied with Simon's work, in front of this clutch of onlookers, Gregg brusquely instructed the boy to go back and do it right. Finally satisfied with the parking, Gregg resumed talking with reporters. He was careful to point out that his Daytona loss was not in his own car—and given that fact, he was not especially disappointed. "I don't feel badly about losing. Had we ever been strongly in contention and a stroke of bad luck knocked me out, then I would feel bad. But once we got so far back, I never really thought we'd win."

When he was 14 years old, Peter Gregg decided he would be a race-car driver. Lying around his summer-camp tent one day, Gregg finished reading an issue of *Road & Track* and knew what he would grow up to be. After graduation from Deerfield Academy prep school, he went to Harvard, where he competed in intercollegiate rallies and hill-climbs. After graduating from college in 1961, he became a Naval Intelligence officer and was stationed in Jacksonville, Fla. By 1963, he had entered and won his first amateur race, at Osceola Airport in Geneva, Fla. In Jacksonville, Gregg met Hubert Brundage, the founder of the Brumos Porsche dealership in that city and the man who gave Gregg some early sponsorship. When Brundage died, Gregg bought the dealership, which flourishes today and still sponsors Gregg's IMSA racer. He also owns the successful Peter H. Gregg Motors, Inc., a BMW-Mercedes-Benz dealership.

Gregg's Brumos pit crew swarms over his Porsche with the high-speed precision that was a key to his winning the Daytona 24-Hours race four times in 13 years.



Given his silver-spoon background and racing triumphs, Gregg is not a man accustomed to failure. Sitting in his living room not long ago, he explained his seemingly unerring touch: "I'm a perfectionist, I guess. I don't like to call myself a perfectionist because it has unpleasant social implications. But I certainly enjoy perfecting the activities I'm involved in."

"My approach to racing could be termed by a detractor as negative," Gregg says. "I try to eliminate the ways you lose rather than seek out ways to exhibit bravura, as maybe a Danny Ongais does. I try to think, 'How can I lose this race?' By having a slow car . . . so I make the car as fast as anybody's. By driving stupidly on the first lap of the race and crashing into somebody. By not having a wheelnut tightened . . . practice with the crew before the race, make sure the men know how to tighten the nuts and everybody's relaxed. I have a long checklist . . . I call it perfecting. Some call it perfectionist."

Certainly Gregg's surroundings reflect his need for perfection. Hanging at exact intervals in his walk-in closet are seven identical, immaculate Nomex drivers' suits. Hanging on the walls of his conspicuously uncluttered living room are paintings by Frank Stella, an artist whose work is as precise and well-ordered as blueprints.

Outside of the paintings, several shelvesful of trophies, and a glass-topped table resting on aluminum racing wheels, Gregg's home is devoid of personal touches. "The place *does* need a woman's touch," admits Gregg. "I asked a friend to decorate the place. I moved here after my divorce and I was too upset myself to be able to handle

furnishing the place. [Former wife Jennifer kept their Jacksonville home, where she lives with Simon and 17-year-old Jason.] My divorce was the most agonizingly painful thing for me," continues Gregg. "I had to see a psychiatrist for a while. Jennifer had just said to me, 'Our marriage isn't fun any more.'"

Gregg can be as demanding of others as he is of himself. His Brumos racing crew chief, Jack Atkinson, attests to that. Walking around the Daytona track while the buzz of cars practicing before the race partially drowned his words, Atkinson had said, "Peter is a very demanding man to work for. I like that. There's no point in doing anything if you're not going to do it right." Atkinson was not involved with the preparation of the Loos car, but came to the track "for Peter's sake. I'm going to give him signals every lap. I'll only signal the other car every five laps." (The drivers are signaled their times with boards held by their pit crews.)

Atkinson has been with Gregg for ten years. He retired as crew chief two years ago: "There was too much pressure," he says. "You reach a point where perfecting the car gets increasingly difficult. As the car gets better and better, improvements become harder and harder. You keep expecting the car to get better, but it doesn't. Peter suffered from the pressure—comparing past successes and performance. You can't do that because the refinements are harder and harder to make." But Atkinson returned to the Brumos fold after a year. He wasn't happy *without* the pressures. Some of Gregg's competitors contend that Brumos gets preferred treatment from the Porsche factory in Germany, but both Gregg and Porsche deny this, a moot point to prove and one that makes Porsche wary. If other teams that drove Porsches learned that Gregg got new parts before they did, they would switch to other cars, resulting in Porsche losing millions in advertising revenue (as of now, when Gregg does lose, it's usually to another Porsche). The competition also contends that Gregg's big-time, professional approach to IMSA racing is tantamount to Ken Stabler quarterbacking for Michigan State.

Atkinson responds to the criticism by quoting the Gregg party line: "Our team has no greater or lesser advantage than anyone. We have a full-time, lots-of-money project, but so do the other teams. They just aren't as thoughtful, logical and practical about their work as we are. We research innovations before spending the money on them to put them in the car. Teams don't always do that."

Gregg contends that his strategy works for a very simple reason: "Racing
continued

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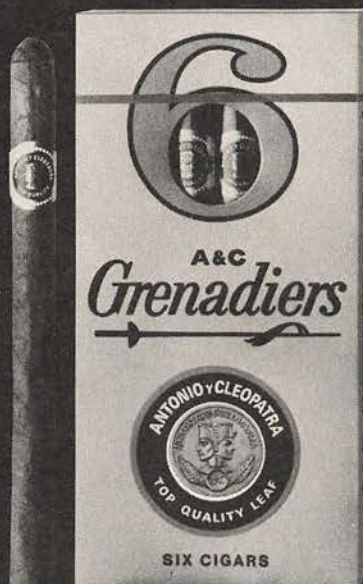
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Gregg continued

is only relative. You don't have to be really good, you only have to be better than everyone else to win. In a way, my team is a bit surprised that the others make so many mistakes . . . that they don't see what we see. The financial results of what I do are important to me. This year I could lose as much as \$100,000 or win as much as \$300,000."

His success, he points out, is usually attributed to his having more money than his competitors. But, according to Gregg, "I have the least money of all the leading drivers and the lowest budget."

But if Gregg is so good—and to hear him tell it, he has what 1978 World Champion Mario Andretti calls "il stuffa del campione"—the stuff of champions—why doesn't he compete against racing's elite world-class drivers in Formula 1? Because, says Gregg, "I don't think Formula 1 cars offer a degree of protection to the driver that's safe. I think it's kind of a sin that the so-called World Championship is contested in vehicles that are so unsafe. Nearly a third of the drivers who have raced in Formula 1 over the last decade have been killed. That's preposterous."

World-class racer Brian Redman, a former Gregg teammate and Formula 1 driver who nearly lost his life in a 1977 racing accident, admits that Gregg is a good racer, yet pointedly adds: "But if he wants to be considered a world-class driver, he'll have to compete with world-class drivers—he'll have to race

When he has to go to the garage from the pits, Gregg likes to go on a bicycle.



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Walton



Rodgers



Hannah

Sport Quiz

Answers from page 98

Ans. 1—a. 2—c. 1,071 for N.Y. Mets in 1969. 3—Bob Gibson, for St. Louis Cardinals, 1964 (two), 1967 (three), 1968 (three). 4—c. 5—b, for Oakland A's, 1972 (six), 1973 (six), 1974 (four). 6—Gene Tenace, Oakland A's, Oct. 14, 1972, second and fifth innings. 7—b. 8—c, for Cardinals, 1967 (seven) and 1968 (seven). 9—True. Frank Robinson, 1966; Roberto Clemente, 1971; Reggie Jackson, 1973 and 1977. 10—b, Oct. 5, 1952-Oct. 10, 1956. 11—a. 12—b. 13—Lew Burdette, Milwaukee, 1957; Bob Gibson, St. Louis, 1967; Mickey Lolich, Detroit, 1968. 14—Elrod Hendricks and Paul Blair. 15—c, retired first 19 St. Louis Cardinals for Boston Red Sox, Game Two, 1967. 16—c, for L.A. Dodgers, 1974. 17—b, for Orioles in 1966. 18—b. 19—d, for Orioles vs. Dodgers, Oct. 5, 1966, last 6½ innings. 20—The Dodgers' Dale Mitchell, who struck out to complete Yankee pitcher Don Larsen's perfect World Series game on October 8, 1956.

Picture Credits

4—UPI (bottom). 6—Bill Smith. 11,12,13—Larry Johnson. 14—UPI. 18—Barry Bregman. 20,22—Wide World. 27,28,32,33—Dorothy Affa. 40—Grey Villet (top left), UPI (top right), Wide World (bottom left & right). 41—Wide World (far left, bottom center, top right). 42—UPI (top left & right, bottom right), Martin Blumenthal (bottom left). 43—UPI (far left, top & bottom center, bottom right), Wide World (top right). 44—Martin Blumenthal (top), Barry Bregman (center), UPI (bottom). 45—Carl Skalak Jr. (left & bottom right), Tony Nester (top right). 47—George Gojkovich (top left), Rich Pilling (top & bottom right). 50,52—John Hanlon. 56—George Gojkovich (top left), Carl Skalak Jr. (top right), Bob Peterson (bottom left), Kevin Fitzgerald (bottom right). 61—Jay Lurie. 62—Wide World. 73—Bill Smith (top), UPI (bottom left & right). 74,76—Bill Smith. 81—Lewis Franck (top left), Al Satterwhite (top right), Mark Raffaul (bottom). 82—Daytona International Speedway. 84—Al Satterwhite. 86—Daytona International Speedway (far right), Peter Travers (top left), Bruce Curtis (top center), Steve Sutton/Duomo (top right). 91—Wide World (top), UPI (bottom). 92—UPI (left), Wide World (right). 95—Phil Singerman. 96—UPI. 97—Larry Johnson. 98—Malcolm Emmons (top left), Wide World (top center & bottom), UPI (top right). 100,102—Robert Kingsbury. 103—Noren Trotman. 105—Robert Kingsbury.

Gregg continued

Formula 1."

Gregg will not, saying, "I have a lot of respect for people who compete in those vehicles, but I don't feel comfortable in those type of cars. I want to be able to have a bad accident and walk away. I haven't missed anything. I've had the chance to drive Formula 1, Indy cars and stock cars, and for the most part I'm not interested in them.

"I'll stick my neck out egotistically," says Gregg. "This is the kind of quote

in "real" races—a point Gregg attempts to blunt with his "too dangerous" rationale. He once wrote in an article for the *New York Times*: "I think it is sad that the forms of motor racing most dangerous for the driver carry the highest prestige. I hope that will change, but until it does, I am not willing to seek that prestige." Deep down, Gregg probably knows that no matter what he says—and despite how accurate he is about the dangers of Formula 1—he'll never be considered a world-class driver unless he vies in that class.



Gregg, usually a loner at the track, chats with NASCAR racer Donnie Allison.

expected of me: if I had concentrated on Formula 1, I'd have been successful."

In 1978, he was invited to compete in the International Race of Champions—a sort of match race among the world's leading drivers in identically prepared stock-car-type Camaros. He won his heat against seven Formula 1 drivers. "It was my chance to compete," says Gregg, "with people who are better known than me, and people who are widely assumed to be better than me—Niki Lauda [World Champion in '75 and '77], Emerson Fittipaldi ['72 and '74] and Mario Andretti ['78]. It was a thrill for me to race those men."

But before that IROC race, the Formula 1 drivers were looking forward to the event as a relaxing lark, a welcome break from the tortuously competitive Grand Prix circuit, while Gregg restlessly paced his room. Gregg claims that was his competitive edge—"If all other things are equal, who is going to win? The one who wants to most." Or the one who has something to prove.

But Formula 1 drivers will not consider him a top driver until he competes

In the meantime, he also knows that his precision approach to IMSA racing has made him unpopular. "Everyone in GT racing wants to beat me. People are irritated and bored that our team wins so much—and I suppose a lot of them would hope that anyone would win except me. But I don't want to say something critical about a driver I have to race against because it'll give him even more inspiration to beat me, and I don't want to help him out that way."

So at any one of the 16 IMSA races held this year, you'll see Gregg playing odd man out and, even though he says "I like people who like me," he won't be hanging out in the pits, backslapping the men he regularly beats. Because, as Gregg says, "The very qualities of personality that make you a top driver also make it difficult for you to be close friends with your competitors—your rivals."

"I've made mistakes," Gregg says, "said things that I regret, sometimes been maybe undiplomatically blunt. I've done things my way. But it's the only way I'm comfortable doing it." □

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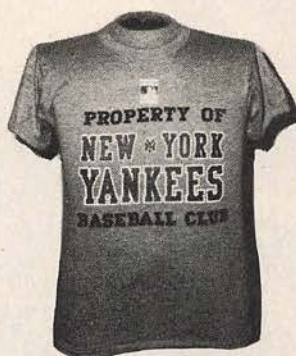
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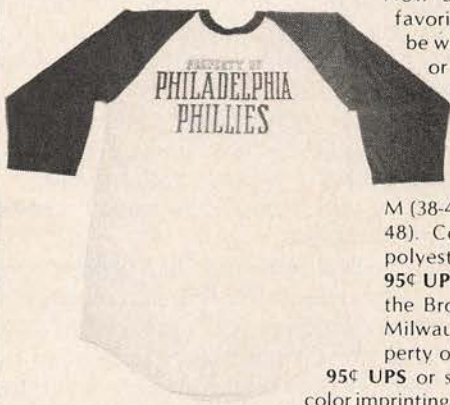
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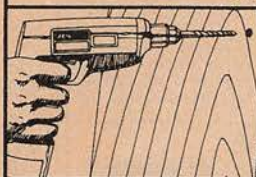
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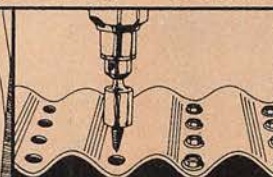
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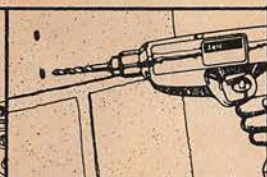
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but it has changed the face of boxing*

by JERRY IZENBERG



Foreman, Mobutu and Ali (above) hyped the fight aided by a cast of natives (below) who would have made DeMille proud.

George Foreman was the heavyweight champion of the world and the so-called experts said you couldn't beat him with a net, a trident and a can of Mace. Then there was Muhammad Ali, once king of the hill who, after 2½ years as boxing's exile, failed in a comeback try against then-champion Joe Frazier in 1971. Now Ali was to be thrown into Foreman's lion den. And on October 30, 1974, they would meet in the central African country of Zaire for a title fight so expensive to produce that, for the first time in history, a national government had to underwrite the purses.

Strange things had happened before in the heavyweight division, such as Jack Dempsey beating Tommy Gibbons in the unlikely town of Shelby, Mont., while Dempsey's manager, Doc Kearns, bankrupted the city.

But nothing can rival what happened in the sultry predawn darkness in a shabby soccer stadium beneath the 30-foot portrait of the Zaire president and dictator, Mobutu Sese Seko, while the crowd chanted "Ali Boom-Ayi-Yay . . . Ali Boom-Ayi-Yay."

Quite clearly nothing . . . not the fight business, the career of promoter Don King or the lives of the two protagonists . . . would ever be the same again.

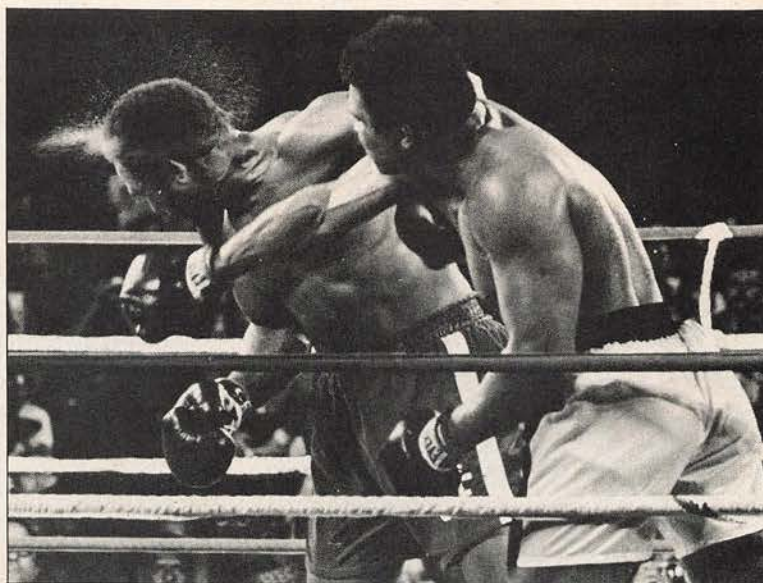
How the two fighters came halfway across the globe for this title bout is almost as fascinating a story as the fight itself. First there was King, a vice-president of Video Techniques, Inc., the closed-circuit TV promoters of the 1974 fight in Caracas, Venezuela, in which Foreman knocked out Ken Norton.

The day after that match, King—an ex-convict and former numbers-runner from Cleveland's East End—held a press conference in the Caracas Hilton to announce that, with King running the show, champion George Foreman and Muhammad Ali would meet for the staggering purse of \$5 million each in Kinshasa, Zaire. Subsequent events would prove that the match had been approved by a man named Fred Wiemer, a Swiss

continued



Nothing worked right—including Foreman



Ali unveiled the rope-a-dope in Zaire, waiting for the flailing Foreman to exhaust himself and ripen for the sucker righthands that took his title.

national who was financial advisor to Mobutu Sese Seko. The funds had been channeled through the Risnalia Investment Co., a dummy outfit, chartered in Panama, claiming to do business out of Switzerland (although not listed in any telephone directory there).

In any event, the \$10 million was guaranteed. Few gave Ali a chance to win, but a curious development in Muhammad's Deer Lake, Pa., training camp months before the fight should have been a warning. Ali, who for several years had suffered from arthritic hands and used pain-killing injections in order to fight, was suddenly hitting the heavy bag without pain.

"My hands are healed" he confided to a reporter. "I'll knock that sucker out. He ain't nothing but a damned mummy the way he moves, and ain't no mummy gonna whup the great Muhammad Ali when he gets back to the land [Africa] of his people."

Meanwhile, out in Hayward, Cal., George Foreman prepared in typical style. He bowled over sparring partner after sparring partner. He told a reporter: "Cut off the ring on me? What's he got, a knife? If there's any cuttin', it will be done by me. I might have to cut his neck off."

When the opponents got to Zaire, Foreman grew more surly each day; Ali more confident. Then several events occurred which would shape the inevitable outcome of this fight. The gym in which both men trained was located in a military compound called N'sele. Ali chose to live within its confines in a private villa. Foreman, on the other hand,

opted for the creature comforts of the air-conditioned Inter-Continental Hotel in downtown Kinshasa. That decision cost him a 30-minute car ride each day in the blazing heat.

Then, roughly a week before the fight, a chance elbow from a sparring partner opened a gash over Foreman's right eye. The fight, originally set for September 25, was postponed more than a month. The delay chafed at Foreman while Ali thrived on the added audiences he held with the native population. "This is *my* land and *my* people," he said. "I'll fight Foreman as though he were a Belgian"—which delighted a nation newly liberated from Belgian rule. If you didn't know better, you'd swear that Ali had (1) never seen George, or (2) George had fallen into a huge vat of bleach. In one sentence Ali had half of Zaire convinced that George was a white Belgian. This is not to be confused with the previous time when he had convinced half the world that Joe Frazier was a white American.

Because of the oppressive heat and television commitments, the match was held at 3 a.m. Nothing worked except the fighters. For all the promises of modern technocracy, a reporter named Jerry Lisker dictated four rounds of running commentary by phone to the London *Sun*, only to discover that Zairian technicians had hooked his telephone to the other side of the ring. He was dictating to a telephone repairman.

The fight itself was a stunner. Ali's rope-a-dope was allegedly born when he retreated to the ropes, which had been tampered with by his retinue and

loosened after each round so that Muhammad would not rebound into George's hammering fists. By the fifth round, Foreman could not understand why his opponent was still erect. By that time, Ali had begun to nail his befuddled opponent with sucker righthand leads straight out of the Golden Gloves. In the eighth and final round, Muhammad caught George with a left-right combination to the head and George Foreman collapsed in sections.

Ali had become the second man in history to recapture the heavyweight title (Floyd Patterson was the first). He would pocket the \$5 million, lose it, make more and be remembered after that for his classic fight against Frazier in Manila the next year. Foreman would claim he was drugged in Zaire and then pursue an abortive comeback. In 1976, after Jimmy Young battered him into submission in Puerto Rico, Foreman returned to the dressing room, had religious visions, staggered into the shower to baptize himself and from that moment became an unordained preacher. King would go on to tap the governments of Malaysia and the Philippines for two more nationally subsidized fight cards. He would then become one of the major forces in boxing.

Zaire would survive a bloody civil war, Mobutu would remain in power and the press, well, of all those who lived for a month with lizards in their showers, monkey meat on the mess hall table and the abuse of petty bureaucrats in their ears, not one of them would ever suggest a fifth anniversary reunion in beautiful downtown Kinshasa. □

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The image shows a large stack of Golden Lights 100's cigarette packs. The top pack is clearly visible, showing the brand name 'Golden Lights' and 'Deluxe 100's'. The stack is arranged in a way that the packs are slightly offset, creating a sense of depth. The packs are yellow and white, with the brand name in blue and gold.

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THE DOERS

Life with a Cliff-hanger

by Philip Singerman

Three hundred feet off the ground on a sheer granite wall rising above a forest in northern New Hampshire, Jimmie Dunn glides upward with the light grace of a dancer. He is challenging the vertical face "unaided," free-climbing without the use of nylon stirrups, or "ladders," that many climbers drive into the stone for holds. His body, balanced on slivers of rock no thicker than a dime, is erect, parallel to the massive, 500-foot cliff called Cathedral Ledge. His limbs reach out and up, caressing the wall, stretching at impossible angles, holding him steady just when it seems he will tumble. His fingertips, tough as bull hide, and feet, bound tightly in high-topped canvas shoes with adherent, rubber soles, probe the surface of the rock, digging into its minute irregularities and gripping where it appears the granite is smooth as polished steel. Until two years ago, no one had made this climb. Then Jimmie made the first ascent and named the route "Camber," after a favorite dog. It is rated 5.11 on the climbers' scale that ranges from an easy 5.1 to a grueling 5.12.

When Jimmie Dunn was 16 and living in Colorado Springs, he quit school, got a job, bought a Corvette and spent his time racing around the Colorado countryside. Then one day, when he was 17, he was introduced to members of a spelunking club. The cavers taught him to rappel, and shortly after, he signed up for a rock climb. When the leader withdrew because of strong winds, Jimmie volunteered his services, wound up leading the first ascent he ever made and was promptly hooked on the sport.

A breeze ruffles Dunn's shoulder-length dirty-blond hair and dries the sweat that streaks his lean, chiseled torso and the 30-year-old climbing instructor pauses, breathes deeply and glances up to study the wall's line. Just above him, jutting out like the chin of some prehistoric beast, is a jagged "overhanging corner," the most difficult portion of the route. He turns and shouts down for plenty of slack to Bob Palais, his climbing partner who is roped to Dunn and belaying (anchoring) him on a narrow ledge 70 feet below. Should

Dunn "come off" the cliff, Palais, with the help of a couple of protective devices Jimmie has pegged to the rock between the two of them, will break his fall. Nevertheless, as leader of the climb, Dunn could plummet more than 50 feet, bouncing off the rock on his way down. Once, when a piton pulled loose on him in Yosemite, Jimmie took a "leader fall" of 100 feet, shattering his elbow before being stopped by his rope. "I remember thinking on my way down," he said earlier, "So this is what it's like to die." It was pretty scary."

As Dunn nears the overhang, a crowd gathers behind the chain-link fence 150 feet above him atop the cliff. Wide-eyed tourists stare open-mouthed as Jimmie, veins bulging, arm and leg muscles striated like bridge cables, inches onto the underside of the corner until his back is parallel with the ground, which is 350 feet straight down.

"My God," says a woman on top of the cliff, "what's he holding on to?" "Lady," replies an onlooker next to her, "I've been climbing for five years and I'm damned if I know. I've never seen anyone like him."

Dunn carefully inserts the four fingers of his right hand into a crack in the rock, folding his thumb across the heel of his hand to make a wedge-shaped chock, and for an instant he hangs suspended by the one-handed "jam." Then the toes of his right foot twist into a vise-like hold farther down the same crack to give him added leverage. He pushes his free left foot tightly against the wall in a "bridge,"



For Jimmie Dunn, ex-splunker and human fly, a good day is ten hours on the rocks.

reaches over the top of the corner with his left hand, takes a quick breath and swings his body over the ledge where he clings to shards of rock the thickness of potato chips. The onlookers applaud, but Jimmie, already into his next move, is oblivious. "When you're climbing, it's just you and the rock," he said later. "There's no past, no future. Just that instant. You're completely cut off from the rest of the world."

The remainder of the route, 150 feet of "free-climbing" using nothing but wafer-thin horizontal holds, goes smoothly for Dunn, but Palais, who has to pull himself over the corner on the rope, slips once near the top and is saved from falling only by Jimmie's secure belay.

Afterward, Palais, a self-effacing Harvard student, slumps exhausted into Dunn's car, but Jimmie, wanting a bit more exercise, decides to jog the four miles back to his home in North Conway. "A lot of people in the climbing world try to imitate Jim's lifestyle," Palais says, "but very few have his talent, and even fewer have his energy and dedication. The man is obsessed. He'll spend ten hours a day on the rock, run five miles, then work on strength and flexibility in the gym he built. I'd put my life in his hands on a cliff any time."

"Jimmie's a shy person," says his wife Martha, a graphics designer and expert rock climber, from behind the wheel. "He doesn't talk much about his climbs, but he was the first person to solo a new route on Yosemite's famous El Capitan. It was early April, real chilly, and he accidentally dropped his sleeping bag the first day. He was up there nine days and nights with hardly any food, but he wouldn't quit. He went up 3,000 feet of vertical rock alone."

Three years ago Dunn became the director of Eastern Mountain Sports climbing school in North Conway, N. H. "I guess I'm the kind of person who wants to be the very best at what he does," he said that night. "To be a top climber you have to be on the mountain every day, and to do that you either have to teach climbing or be born rich. I was born poor."

"What about the future?" a friend asked him. "Well," said Dunn, his craggy face breaking into a grin. "I want to climb everything in the world."

"Be serious," said his wife.

"It's true, Martha," Dunn replied. "I just never told you before. First we'll go to Peru, then the Himalayas, then Alaska. We're still young, if we live right, we can climb for another 60 years."

"He means it," Martha said. "I can tell. He really means it."

VIEWPOINT

Baseball— It's a Jungle Out There

by Roger Director

Sports are taken seriously by the professional athletes who play them, but you wouldn't know it to watch the games on TV. Our nation's bird sanctuaries and game preserves have seemingly been liberated, and their once-captive denizens now populate our ballparks as outrageous promotional gimmicks strutting the sidelines in outlandish outfits. Baseball is becoming a game for Roger Tory Peterson and it's getting kind of silly. These animals have taken over the game and the airtime so much, the fate of one dolt who adheres to the very unheralded title of The San Diego Chicken, took up more space in the sports pages last June than the heroics of the Phillies' Mike Schmidt or the Angels' Don Baylor.

What is it all coming to? What do these strange birds put on their résumés? What, for example, does it sound like in the TV truck as the director works the game? "Okay, come in tight on the guy with the rainbow-colored hair . . . get ready with that shot of the kid in the pterodactyl outfit . . . gimme a shot of those three sapsuckers behind home . . . oh, hey, didja get that home run?"

What is a father supposed to do when he takes his son to his first ballgame now that the animals have taken over the farm? This used to be a rite in which the names of the players on the field were solemnly intoned to the youngster and the devotion was thus passed on to a new generation. Now how does it sound? "Son, that's the Phillie Phanatic over at first base; over at second, that's the Bleacher Creature; at short it's Fredbird—he can really pick 'em; at third, that's Chester Charge from Houston; in left that's the Pirate Parrot; in center, the San Diego Chicken A La King, of course; and in right—uh, I guess that must be Dave Parker."

The National League, the league of purists—the kind of league John Keats of truth-and-beauty fame would have rooted for in the All-Star Game—has surprisingly led the way in baseball's rendition of Hitchcock's *The Birds*. Once aghast at the American League's introduction of such a tattooed lady as the

designated hitter, the senior circuit has gone one better with its sideline freak show.

The American League's New York Yankees had a smart idea when they limited the activities of their as-yet-unnamed endomorph to the stands. This closely followed an incident in Seattle where Lou Piniella was provoked into throwing his glove at Mr. San Diego Chicken following its clowning distractions on the field. Perhaps the rest of the American League owners will recognize that poking fun at players in front of thousands of spectators—while the players try to make a living which is filled enough with daily embarrassment—is demeaning and tasteless and a sign of bad sportsmanship. But perhaps the owners won't recognize this, and next season we'll be inundated by the bird droppings of the Oakland Aardvark, the Baltimore Bandicoot, the New York Nuthatch, the Kansas City Cormorant and, of course, the Toronto Blue Jay.

It's already becoming obvious, if you look into the stands, that ticket-holders are emulating the ridiculous raiments of these great speckled birds. Soon it will be de rigueur to arrive at the ballpark dressed to look like a puff adder or a devil-nosed bopworm or whatever other forms of fandom the promotional whizbrains dictate. Fights in the stands will look more like H-O gauge recreations of the best of the Japanese monster movies than the bare-knuckled rumbles of yore.

We saw the shape of things to come two years ago in an NFL playoff game

between Minnesota and Dallas, when a man attained instant fame as "that poor dumb slob in the gorilla suit" by accidentally setting himself ablaze, much to his and the viewers' discomfort. At least make the suits fireproof.

Where are the old-time fans, the kind you see in the stands in baseball movies like *Pride of the Yankees*? Guys with Panama hats and jackets with lapels that couldn't fit through the Holland Tunnel. Guys with a cigar in one hand, a cup of beer in another and a score-card clutched in another (yes, they had three hands in those days). Guys like Jack Warden in the great jury-room movie *Twelve Angry Men*, who treasured their box seats more than their obligations as U.S. citizens.

Sure, these guys used to get a little rowdy. There used to be fans and diversions like Brooklyn's old Sym-phony. But can you picture what an old-time fan would say if he saw some giant fowl run over to first base and dust off Lou Gehrig's shoes? And Lou? Lou would have killed him.

For me, alas, it is too late. I have lost my ticket. No, not my ticket to the game. My ticket to the dry cleaners where my brand-new, custom-made big-bird outfit now sits moldering and unclaimed. I'll have to let some other fan—more ardent and more spectacularly garbed than I—keep up with the latest costume foolery. But I leave you, if I may paraphrase W.B. Yeats (a big baseball fan), with this caution: what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Anaheim, to be on TV?



The famous Chicken A La King (above, in feathers), should be turned into chicken salad.

The Advisor

by Frank Donegan

Q: Has anyone ever looked at coaching scientifically to find out if tough, hard, Vince Lombardi-type coaches are actually more successful than their less tyrannical colleagues?

A: There's nothing—including coaches' personalities—that hasn't been looked at scientifically by someone. A while back, researchers led by psychologist K.A. Penman from Washington State University studied 60 randomly selected high school and college basketball and baseball coaches. After studying the personality profiles of each coach, the psychologists concluded that the old adage about good guys finishing last is substantially correct. The winningest coaches tended to be considerably more authoritarian than less successful coaches. The tough ones may not be the best adjusted men in the world—research suggests that they are often plagued by all sorts of hang-ups and psychic demons—but they are likely to be the better coaches.

Q: I want to get some hiking in before winter. I just bought a pair of new hiking boots and want to know if there is any quick, easy way of breaking them in.

A: Daniel Doan, one of the best known authorities on hiking in New England and the author of several books on the subject, suggests this: "Put the boots on over two pairs of wool socks and stand in a tub of comfortable-temperature water until the boots are thoroughly wet. Then go out and walk them dry. They'll be broken in."

Q: Since caffeine is a stimulant, would drinking coffee before I engage in athletic competition (I'm a runner and a fairly strong tennis player) be likely to increase my performance?

A: It might, but you'd have to drink a lot of coffee. Scientists at the Human Performance Laboratory of Ball State University in Indiana recently tested the effects of caffeine on performance. Trained bicyclists were fed 250 mg. of caffeine (the equivalent of about two cups of coffee) and then cycled for two hours. They received an additional 250 mg. of caffeine every 15 minutes during the first hour and a half of the exercise. Results: performance increased by 7.4 percent. "These data," the study concluded, "demonstrate an enhanced rate of work production following the ingestion of caffeine." What the study didn't

point out was, if you take your caffeine in the form of coffee and you are competing in a timed event, any increase in your performance will no doubt be offset by the time you spend running back and forth to the rest room.

Q: Did John F. Kennedy play golf? I've never thought of him as the golfing type, but the game has always seemed to be popular with presidents.

A: JFK was a good golfer, but he didn't want anyone to know it. He felt it was an



old man's game (those are his words, not ours) so he kept his proficiency at it a well guarded secret. Actually, he was a better golfer than his predecessor in the White House, golf fanatic Dwight D. Eisenhower. According to Dave Powers, Kennedy's oldest political friend and curator of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library, "Jack rarely played 18 holes because he didn't have the time. When he did, though, he shot in the low 80s. His short game was great, especially his putting." When JFK played a foursome—most frequently at Palm Beach (Fla.) Country Club or the famous Seminole (Fla.) Country Club—he played with an illustrious group: Bing Crosby, father Joe Kennedy and brother-in-law Peter Lawford.

Q: Often an athlete who breaks a world record is never able to repeat his feat. It seems to happen in all sports. Is there any explanation?

A: The reserves of the human body are an unknown quantity, but physiologists suspect that they are finite and can be permanently depleted during an extraordinary performance. The Russian researcher, A. Korobkov, who has studied this phenomenon and reported on it

in the journal *Sovietzki Sport*, suggests that when an athlete makes a record-breaking effort, he uses up some of that reserve. Once part of this backup strength is lost, the body can never again perform quite as well.

Q: How good was Knute Rockne's coaching record at Notre Dame?

A: During his tenure (1918-1930), the Irish won 105, lost 12, tied five. They had five undefeated, untied seasons.

Q: I've started training so that I can run in some marathons next spring and summer. I use relatively heavy running shoes while I'm training. When I switch to lighter shoes for a race, will it foul up my stride and my performance?

A: It shouldn't. Researchers at the University of California at Davis recently checked the effects of different shoe weights on the performances of marathon runners. They selected seven marathoners who ran at good, competitive times and had them wear "heavy" training flats (weight: .87 kilograms per pair. In case you'd forgotten, one kilogram weighs 2.2 lbs.) and light racing flats (.52 kilograms per pair). While the runners expended slightly more energy when they wore the heavier shoes, there was no significant change in stride length when they switched from one type of shoe to another.

Q: How do the salaries of great baseball players of the past—such as Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig—compare with those of today's players?

A: Since we live in a jaded age when even second-string shortstops need financial advisors, the salaries paid to such legends as Ruth and Gehrig seem somewhat paltry. Still, given the lower cost of living back then, you can't say those guys missed any meals. In 1925, Ruth earned \$52,000 in salary and another \$15,000 in endorsements. By 1930, he was pulling down the extraordinary sum of \$80,000. Gehrig reached his peak of \$36,000 a year in 1937. (The discrepancy between Gehrig and Ruth isn't as great as it seems at first—because of the Depression, Gehrig's 1937 salary could buy a lot more than it could have ten years earlier.) A few others: Cobb, \$30,000; Hornsby, \$42,000; DiMaggio, \$50,000.

Send your questions about exercise, health, nutrition, strategy, technique, equipment—anything that pertains to the sports you are into—to The Advisor, SPORT Magazine, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Special MVP Quiz

GRADE YOURSELF
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1. Who does *not* share the record for the most hits (13) in a seven-game World Series?

- a. Roberto Clemente
b. Bobby Richardson X
 c. Lou Brock

2. Who holds the record for the highest slugging percentage (1.071) in a World Series by a National Leaguer?

- a. Duke Snider
 b. Willie McCovey
c. Donn Clendenon ✓
 d. Johnny Bench

3. What pitcher holds the World Series record for the most consecutive complete (eight) games? *Bob Gibson*

- a. Tony Kubek
 b. Charlie Keller
c. Gene Tenace ✓
 d. Eddie Watt

5. Which pitcher holds the record for appearing in the most World Series games in relief (16)?

- a. Bill Stafford
b. Rollie Fingers ✓
 c. Darold Knowles
 d. Eddie Watt

6. Name the World Series MVP who holds the record for hitting home runs in his first two Series at-bats. X

7. Which pitcher did *not* strike out ten or more batters at least twice in a Series?

- a. Bob Gibson
 b. Tom Seaver
c. Sandy Koufax X

8. Which player holds the record for the most stolen bases (14) in World Series play by a National Leaguer?

- a. Maury Wills
 b. Joe Morgan
c. Lou Brock ✓

9. True or False. The only outfielders to win the World Series MVP award are rightfielders. ✓

10. Who holds the Series record for the most consecutive errorless games (23) at his position?



a. Brooks Robinson



b. Billy Martin



c. Gil Hodges

11. Which pitcher did *not* hit a home run in his first Series at-bat?

- a. Dave McNally**
 b. Jose Santiago
 c. Mickey Lolich

12. Off which pitcher did Carlton Fisk hit his game-winning home run in the Sixth game of the 1975 Series?

- a. Jack Billingham
b. Pat Darcy
 c. Will McEnaney
 d. Rawly Eastwick

13. Name the World Series MVP pitchers who have won three games in a seven-game Series. X

14. Which Baltimore hitters did the Mets' Tommie Agee rob with two of the greatest World Series catches in 1969?



15. Which pitcher has come the closest to hurling a World Series perfect game since Don Larsen's in 1956?

- a. Nelson Briles**
 b. Jerry Koosman
 c. Jim Lonborg X
 d. Lew Burdette

16. Which pitcher holds the record for appearing in all five games of a five-game World Series?

- a. Clay Carroll
b. Rollie Fingers X
 c. Mike Marshall

17. Which World Series MVP won a 1-0 Series game for his team with a home run?

- a. Roberto Clemente
b. Frank Robinson ✓
 c. Gene Tenace

18. Who did *not* lead the World Series in batting twice?

- a. Yogi Berra
 b. Bobby Richardson X
c. Lou Brock

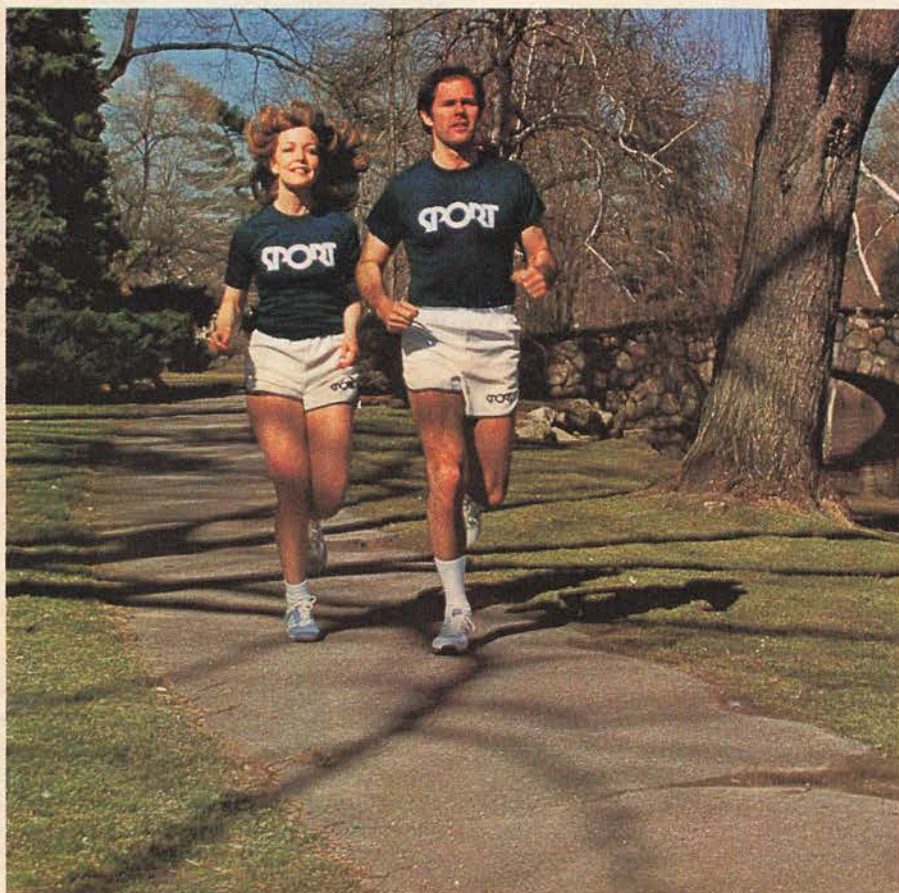
19. Who holds the record for the most strikeouts in a World Series game (11) by a relief pitcher?

- a. Gary Waslewski
b. Bob Turley X
 c. Nolan Ryan
 d. Moe Drabowsky

20. The player in the photo (left) was a major-leaguer between 1946-1956. Who is he and what role did he play in one of baseball's greatest historical moments?

For answers turn to page 86

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*Veteran Mike Newlin brings his
unflappable wit and shooting touch to
the new-look Houston Rockets*

A New Shot for an Old-fashioned Guard

by LEWIS COLE



*Newlin, once a loner, met girlfriend
Cindy Linscomb in his Bible class.*

Mike Newlin was practicing without interruption for an hour and a half just two weeks after the end of the season. A friend retrieved the ball for the Houston Rockets' guard, but only Newlin took shots—hooks, jumpers, layups, bombs from 40 feet out. He was simulating "game conditions" which he describes simply as "the need to make each basket."

"Hey," he said suddenly, "I'll show you my new shot." He stood at the foul line, holding the ball loosely in his fingers, between his knees, ready to shoot it underhand a la teammate Rick Barry. Newlin's body is smooth, unscarred and fatless. Even his beard is neatly trimmed. "I do two hundred of these a day," he said. "Rick Barry says it's the best way to shoot free throws, and he should know. But I'm still experimenting with it." He set himself, exhaled and released the ball; it sailed neatly through the net. Newlin gestured with an exuberant fist raised high.

The scene was puzzling. After all, Newlin, 30 years old, has played in the NBA for eight years. He earns a quarter-of-a-million dollars a year, and already has the fourth highest free-throw percentage (.864) in the history of professional basketball. Why was he practicing as if he were a rookie hoping to get past the first cut?

Mike Newlin really is an old-fashioned guard: a soft shooter, hard driver and inventive play-actor. Foul him—even in the backcourt—and his arms fly into the air as if he had been just about to shoot. Although not one of the sport's great names, Newlin plays with extraordinary self-confidence, intelligence, feistiness and wit.

In a game against the Nets last season, the Rockets were being burned by John Williamson, New Jersey's burly scorer.

With ten minutes left to play, the Rockets were trailing. Newlin had come off the bench to guard Williamson, who by now was muttering unimaginative deprecations about the Rockets. "Low budget murder mouth," Newlin answered Williamson. Then he stopped Williamson from making a basket the rest of the game and turned the final minutes into a foul-shooting exhibition, hitting 12 of 12 from the line and winning the game.

Newlin continued his good showing in later games. Del Harris, then assistant coach and now head coach of the Rockets, says that Newlin "made an obvious attempt to change from a natural shooting guard to a playmaking one. He went through a crash course of his own, and I thought he did a nice job—so much so that we won ten of our last 14 games, victories in which his contribution was an essential factor."

The performance was a vindication for Newlin. Beginning with the 1976-77 season, when Tom Nissalke came to coach them, the Rockets have used Newlin primarily as a substitute. Nissalke felt that Newlin's talents matched too closely those of his backcourt partner, Calvin Murphy, and that the team needed a true point guard. He drafted John Lucas (since moved to Golden State), and in the struggle for starting positions, Newlin lost out.

For two years, Newlin was uncomplaining. Then, last December, in a home game against Golden State, Newlin made a mistake and Nissalke started to shout at him while Newlin was bringing the ball upcourt. Newlin halted his dribble and, he recalled, "I told him to take me out of the game if he didn't like the way I was playing." Nissalke complied. "I was absolutely wrong," Newlin said. "I acted unjustifiably. But you have to

look at it in context. It had been going on for two years and there had been a lot of water under the bridge."

Newlin sat out the next game. "I said publicly that I didn't blame the coach for not playing me," he said. "I wouldn't have played me either. But it hurt. It was my first 'dinip' [DNP—did not play] in eight years; I had hoped to go out without any of those on my record."

Shortly after the All-Star break, he rejoined the starting lineup.

The comeback was characteristic of Newlin. Newlin survives tough times by remaining true to his beliefs, even if they put him at a disadvantage.

"If you have your principles you can't lose," he said. "You give it your best shot; you operate on solid principle, and if other people don't like it—show me the door before you finish the sentence. There's nothing lost. Good luck, I hope it works out for you."

And with characteristic candor, he declares his absolute confidence in himself. "I'll win," he said, "ultimately, I'll always win. People will say, how have you won? Have you ever made the All-Star team? And it's true that I haven't. But I will win." Not surprisingly, then, some of his highest moments of satisfaction come when he doesn't have to confront the professional world and he can play as he likes during practice.

Newlin's summer life in Houston is carefree. He works in the Galleria area of the rich, sprawling city where the Summit arena, Newlin's office, his girlfriend's house and the Bible classes he attends nightly are all located. Newlin spends his days at golf, tennis and basketball, with only occasional

continued



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Newlin *continued*

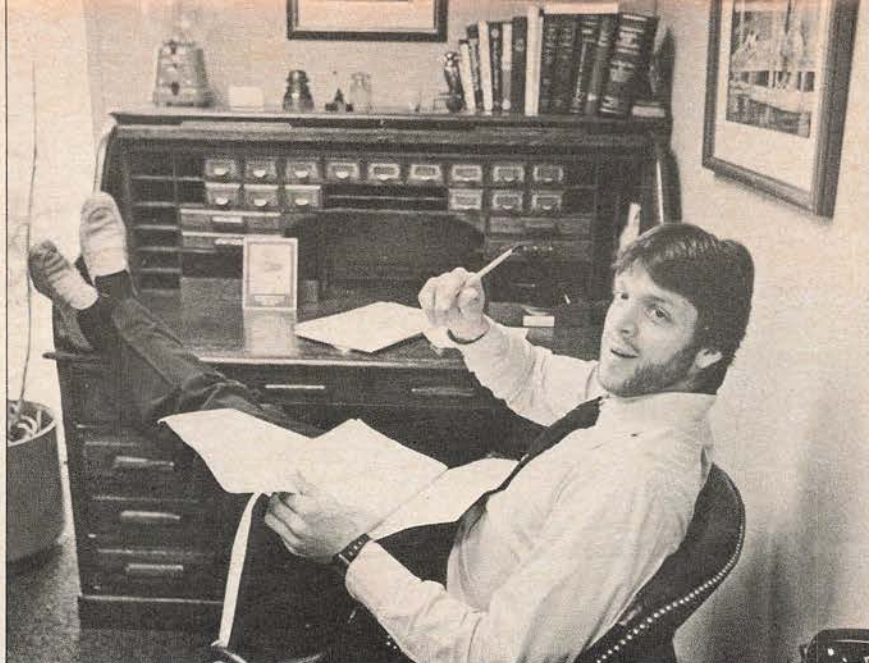
interruptions for business. He dresses for play—sneakers, shorts and T-shirts, the stylish, efficient business suit of the modern, millionaire athlete. Newlin drives a new Cadillac. "I used to own a Porsche," he said, "but you don't have to worry about anything in this car. I just sit back and program it. It says the Summit; I say, 'Okay.'"

Newlin stopped at the Summit occasionally, during the off-season. He would drive into the loading dock to park. On a recent trip there, however, he found a Russian circus playing at the arena and horses eating hay in his usual parking spaces. Newlin pointed to a nag that was lying down: "Look," he joked, "there's our front line."

Newlin found another parking place and reflected on the fact that the Rockets—who finished the season just one game behind San Antonio, the Central Division leader—folded to Atlanta in two playoff games. Newlin didn't think the collapse was accidental. "It was a relief to lose, really," he said en route to the Rockets' offices. "We never really fit as a team. We never jelled and executed the plays we had. We ad-libbed every victory."

Newlin said he enjoyed playing with Moses Malone, the Rockets' center who was the league's MVP last year. "Often I just stand back and marvel at how he gets offensive boards and puts us back in a game," Newlin said. "And he started moving the ball around this year—he never used to pass the ball at all before—

Newlin considers buying a print at his brother's lithograph shop in Houston.



Switching from baskets to business, Newlin works at a Houston consulting firm.

and getting four or five assists a game. He's very conscientious about his play, and very clever."

Newlin criticized the team's lack of muscle—"We depend on Mo [Malone] too much"—and discipline: "Unless you make a commitment to play as a team, you won't. Under pressure, people revert to old habits, go the way of least resistance, and a shooter's nature is to put the ball up." Newlin believes he avoided that fault last year, but that "under pressure, our outside shooters—instead of keeping their commitment and not taking that outside shot and going to the hole—would let fly with a 30-footer. When things started not going well for us, we wouldn't set picks for each other, we'd just throw the ball up."

Newlin entered the Rockets' offices, greeting each secretary by name and offering compliments. Good manners are a habit for him. When the Knickerbockers announced they would replace Red Holzman as coach with Willis Reed in March of 1977, Newlin wrote Holzman a letter saying how sorry Newlin was to see him go; and when Manny Sokol, an NBA referee for 13 years, suffered a heart attack, Newlin sent him a cheering note.

Newlin looked through his accumulated mail and grabbed several boxes of sugarless gum, explaining, "They're for my girlfriend Cindy; she's a gumaholic." Newlin then led a visitor through the Rockets' scrapbook, an enjoyable guided tour featuring the photos and box scores of his career. As he leafed through the book toward the time Nissalke first used him as a substitute, Newlin said he had divided feelings about that role, which, despite Harris' confidence in him, probably won't change this year since Houston acquired Washington's playmaking guard Tom

Henderson. Newlin hates coming off the bench, calling it "an insult. It means I leave nine-tenths of my game behind. Starting gives me a chance to assert my personality. I like to be there when they're setting the style of the game early on in the first half."

At the same time, Newlin said, "I won't keep butting my head against it and keep trying to squeeze out my game. That's what I mean by being professional . . . I don't get frustrated. I recognize what I am, I recognize what we [the team] have to do and that I might have to do it in anonymity. That's life."

Later, in a nearby dairy bar, Newlin methodically devoured a Texas-sized, ice-cream soda while discussing the formative influence on his views and career. He grew up in Oregon in a large family. One brother currently runs a successful print shop in Houston, and one of Newlin's sisters works as a curator for a Harvard library.

Newlin grew up in hand-me-down clothes ("I liked that; I was proud to get my older brothers' clothes") and said he was just "swept" into sports by his older brothers. According to Newlin, his father "always demanded excellence—or not demanded it, but inspired it. I used to catch fly balls with him. Baseball was my real game; when I was 13, I won the batting crown for the Babe Ruth group and I was the youngest kid on the team. My father would make me go behind a tree and then he'd throw the ball at me so I would have to run from side to side, hitting the dirt."

Basketball was a later discovery. Newlin said, "I made my first basket—I remember it distinctly—right as the buzzer went off in second grade. We were playing in the school gym before class began." Newlin began playing basketball seriously when he was 14 and his family moved to California. "There

wasn't a Little League there," he said, "so I practiced basketball with another guy. He spent eight or nine hours with me every single day. We played one-on-one all the time—not your racehorse, three-on-three, junk basketball—working on fundamentals, shooting moves, dribbling, understanding shots, analyzing shots, working."

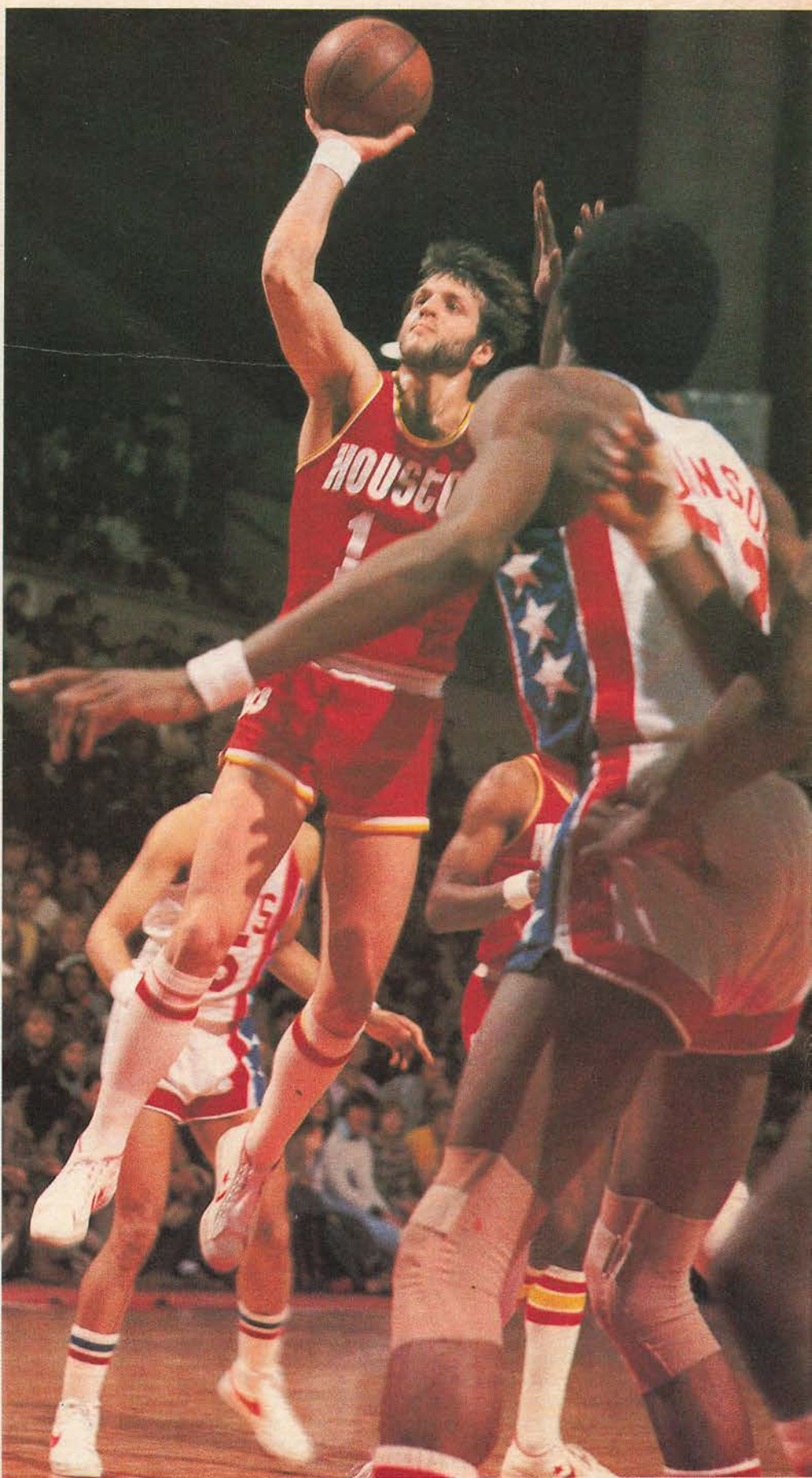
That summer, Newlin decided to try out for his school's basketball team. "I wanted to be a three-year letter man. That was important at that age—to have three stripes on your sweater. Kind of a mundane motivation, wasn't it?" He didn't make the varsity team, but played on the sophomore squad and averaged 32 points a game. "The year before I had averaged 13. So then I realized I was in the right field. And from there, everything followed logically. I realized I was going to be a professional athlete, and basketball was my best sport. The better I played it, the more I liked it." In his senior year, playing varsity ball, Newlin won a conference award and went on to the University of Utah, where he majored in English and graduated magna cum laude. He also became a basketball star. After being voted Western Athletic Conference Player of the Year twice, and named an All-America once, Newlin was selected by the Rockets (when the team was still in San Diego) as their second-round draft choice in 1971.

Newlin spooned up the last bit of his ice-cream soda and strolled outside the dairy bar while discussing his problem with the Rockets' coach, Tom Nissalke, who was fired after the season ended. "Nissalke really liked me at first," Newlin said. "You know, Del Harris told me that he thinks they handled me in the wrong way, that they should have come to me with things. But I think Nissalke was intimidated by me in a way because I wasn't intimidated by him. I come across as strong, yet I give more respect to authority than anyone. But authority is threatened by me."

That night, as usual, Newlin attended his Bible class, a nightly lecture given to a few thousand people by a man named Colonel Thieme. Newlin's attendance has changed his life. Before joining the classes he was solitary, but in the congregation he found his girlfriend and confident, Cindy Linscomb, several partners of the business firm in which Newlin is an associate (originally founded by Cindy and her brother) and even a fellow who regularly catches balls for Newlin while he practices. "I

continued

"I'm a great shooter," says Newlin, who sparked Houston's late-season success with scores like this against the Nets.



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Newlin *continued*

enjoy a lot of people," Newlin said, "and I never used to. But in the last two or three years, I have met great people."

Newlin respects Colonel Thieme and takes notes during his lectures. Thieme's talks are a stew of fundamentalism spiced with some right-wing politics and a pinch of high learning. He calls the Bible the word of truth ("All scripture is God breathed"); occasionally explicates a text with a little Greek grammar; and frequently draws political lessons from the scriptures: "The Bible doesn't say thou shalt not kill. It says thou shalt not murder." Colonel Thieme's views often mirror Newlin's: "Lack of thought under pressure is cowardice; thought under pressure is courage." Or, as the Colonel says: "In everything in life, the secret is mentality."

After the class, Newlin moved through the crowd, acknowledging hellos and making small talk. For all his seriousness in the study course, Newlin still will joke about anything, including his most intimate convictions. Last season, during a home game against the Pacers, the Rockets led by a point with five seconds on the clock and they had possession of the ball. Instead of calling a timeout, Newlin unexpectedly in-

bounded the ball and a Pacer stole it and made a layup to win the game. "You know everything is predestined by God," Newlin explained to the sportswriters after the game, "and He planned what happened in the game. I just wish He had let me know in advance."

The morning after the class, Newlin visited his office, the firm of Linscomb and Williams, independent business consultants. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, Newlin kidded with his partners who wore conservative summer wool suits. Newlin owns several properties, including shares in oil wells and condominiums, and follows business news. "Great!" he exclaimed when he heard that the governor of Texas had remanded an earlier decision to keep a ceiling on mortgage rates.

Still, Newlin doesn't plan on a career in business when he retires from basketball. He said he intends either to continue his study of the Bible or to become a general manager of a basketball team.

The continued Bible study reflects his interest in religion, linguistics and language. "I'd like to learn Greek and Hebrew," he said. For the last year and a half, Newlin has been writing a book that explores his notions about competition and pressure. He often speaks of his love of words. "I hate small vocabula-

ries," he said. "They're unimaginative, anemic. I always like to increase my own—you know, life without learning is death. Enervate—now there's a word you don't hear often."

In his office at Linscomb and Williams, Newlin sat behind a large wood table surrounded by shelves of law books. He discussed how he would act as a general manager. "I would get players who are fundamentally sound," he said. "A player like Mark Olberding [of San Antonio]. Tom Owens [of Portland] is a guy I always liked. J.J. [John Johnson of Seattle]—I've always liked J.J. I would look for players who can shoot free throws—that shows a player who can respond to pressure, and many games are lost at the foul line."

"And then I'd get people who, even if they didn't play, still added an *esprit de corps* to the team. I would not have one complainer on the team—not one. Policy would be established early. Players could come to me if they had problems, but I had better not hear any outcry or undermining of the coach. I'd look for loyalty and conscientious behavior."

Newlin is generally critical of the league's recent tendencies. He thinks the season should be cut to 65 games and players' salaries reduced. He is deeply antagonistic toward the strong Players Association. ("What the Players Association does is divide loyalty between management and the players.") And he believes that the level of play in the league isn't as fundamentally good as it used to be.

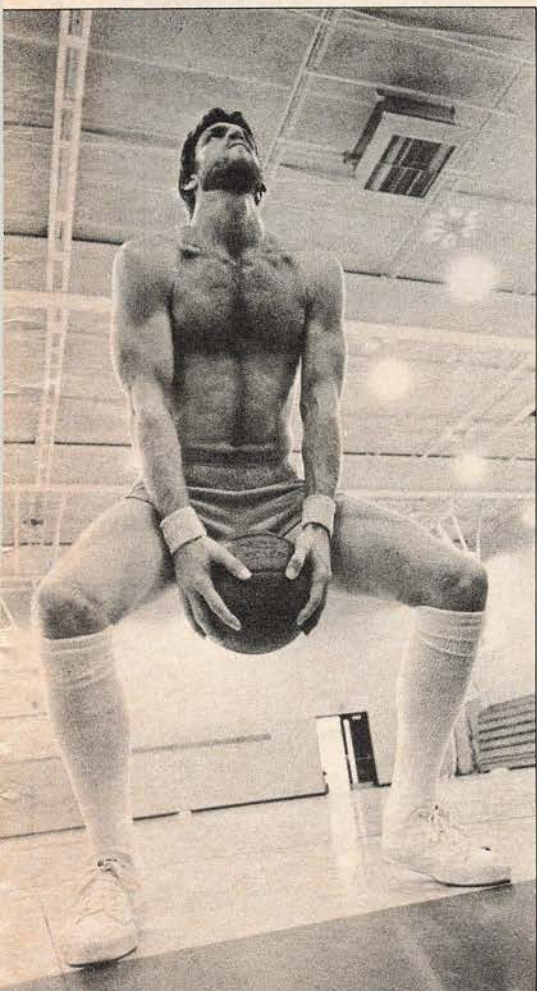
"You compare the younger players today to veterans like Wes Unseld or Paul Silas and you see a tremendous difference," he said. "I think it's important to have style and flash, but it must be anchored by good, solid fundamentals. Scoring has become the sole measure of a player's success. All I ever hear now is, 'I'm not getting the ball enough.' I never hear a guy say, 'You're not getting into the play,' or, 'Are you getting enough shots?' I'll spit in the eye of any player who says he should be getting more time. No he shouldn't. Earn it. I never said that."

Repeatedly, Newlin returned to his views on competition and withstanding pressure. "If I were to have my game judged," he said, "I'd say judge me by my fourth quarters throughout my career, because I've always thought that if you could shoot free throws and play well in the fourth quarter, you obviously can play basketball. During the first three quarters, anybody can do anything. I want to see what a guy can do under pressure—how many times he made the hoop that broke a tie midway through the third or fourth quarter, something like that. I'm not saying I

always succeeded, but if you could say that I always tried and did well enough under pressure—that, to me, is what's exciting.

"When a guy gets 25 points in a game but zero in the fourth quarter, he's a zero in my mind. But [Atlanta's] Terry Furlow is pretty good in the fourth quarter, and so are [San Diego's] Lloyd Free and [Seattle's] Lonnie Shelton—there are a lot of guys who are. My respect goes to the guys who worry me. [Phoenix's Paul] Westphal is like that, and so is Pistol [Pete Maravich of the Jazz]. They're great. I love to watch them in the fourth quarter because they play a double game—defying the defense and defying the pressure. It becomes the consummate sport then, the ultimate sport."

Later, Newlin left his office and went to a nearby gym to practice his foul shot, the new, underhand technique he learned from Rick Barry. After shooting endless free throws, Newlin set himself at the foul line to make ten in a row. He hit five, then missed and had to start again, then seven before missing. A friend from the Bible class retrieved the ball each time, announcing the number. As the exercise became more trying,



Newlin questioned him: "Six, are you sure? I thought I had eight." The friend just passed him the ball. For 18 minutes, Newlin kept falling one short of ten in a row, and his face tightened with exasperation. "How many?" he asked, and, when told he had made seven, he took a deep breath, determined to make the final three. The eighth dribbled over the rim and in, the ninth fell cleanly, and the tenth, the pressure shot, went in.

Then Newlin began practicing shots from the floor. Of all things, he is most uncompromising about his prowess as a shooter. "I know I'm a great shooter," he said while shooting jump shots. "I know I can fill the basket. I mean"—he searched for words to express the mystery—"I can shoot. I understand what shooting is. I mean, I'm a pure shooter. My technique is pure. My shot is correct. I can make them one after the other." He hit a jumper that touched only the net. "I mean, isn't that pure?"

Newlin kept talking as he shot. "You see, the trick with a hook is to bend your head toward the basket—like this." He lifted his arm, crooked his neck, fired a hook shot and scored. "When you shoot off-balance, you've always got to arch

Newlin, already a top free-throw shooter, worked hard on his new technique.

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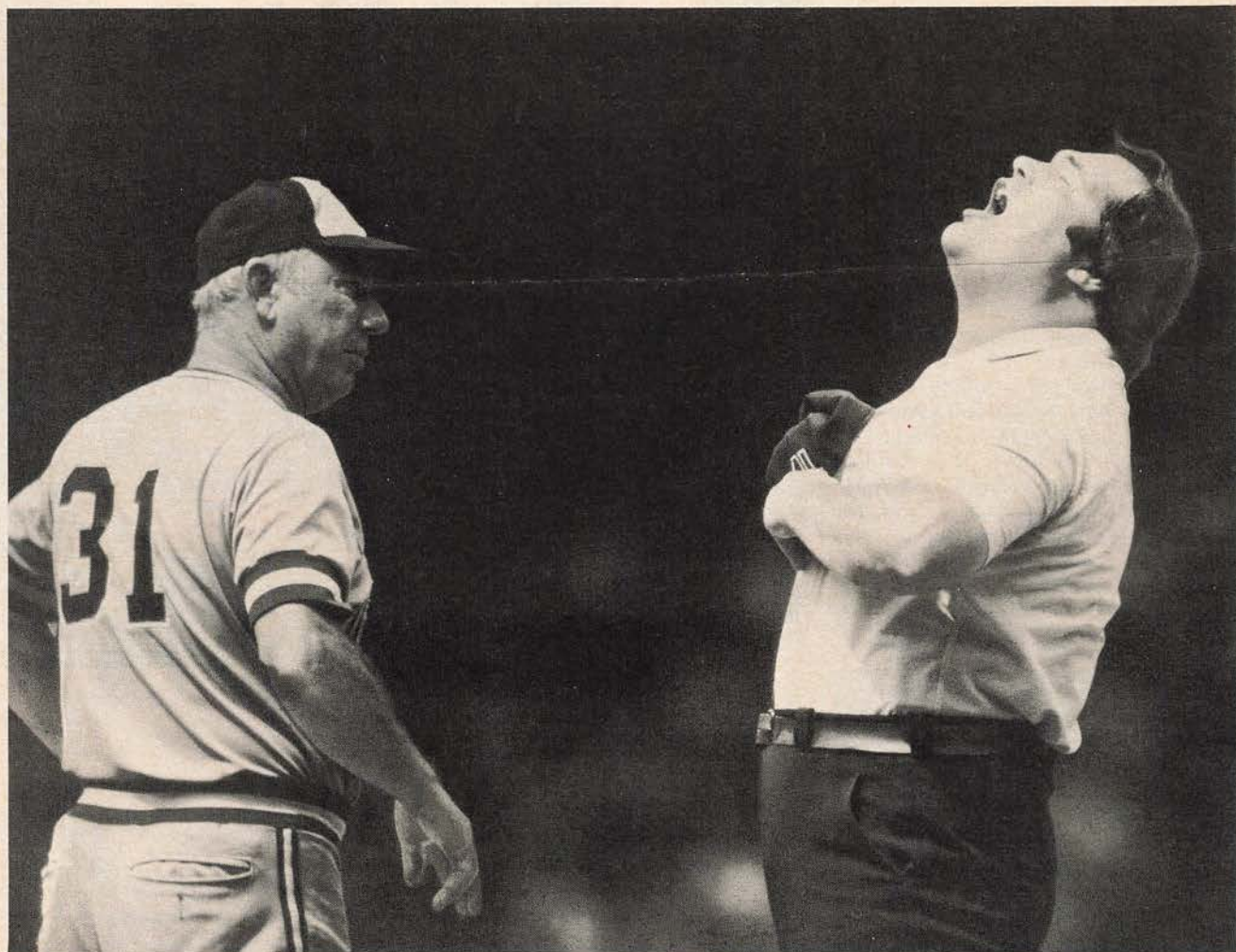
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the ball higher—like this." He dribbled, turned toward the basket, wobbled in the air, released the ball in a high arch and hit. "When I was a kid, I always pushed toward the basket with my body—like this." He lunged in the air, firing the ball, and hit.

Sweating and happy, Newlin played games with his friend. Four jump shots from 40 feet . . . each went in. Ten shots from the side of the basket, running along the baseline to retrieve the ball before it touched the ground. He hit each one. Ten shots from underneath the basket, moving from side to side, never letting the ball touch the rim. He hit each one. Six shots in a row from the foul line while his friend guarded him and Newlin was prohibited from dribbling. Like a child grappling with an adult, the friend pushed against Newlin to block Newlin as he twisted and faked. And Newlin hit each one.

The exhibition was an unrelenting display of skill and invention. Off the court, Newlin tries so hard to understand and explain everything, and he never quite succeeds. But on a basketball court, matching himself against whatever odds he sets, Newlin recklessly asserts himself and gains his satisfaction.

"I love practice," Newlin said. "Isn't it amazing! My shots never miss." □



Oh-o, Say Can't You See?

Cap held over chest, head lifted proudly toward the sky, vocal chords a-quiver—from umpire Ken Kaiser's posture it certainly *looks* as though they're playing the national anthem down at the ballpark. Not so. From Brewers manager George Bamberger's red glare, you know there's no music there. And, as o'er the railings we watch, just listen to Bambi's version of the opening line. Better hurry and get the women and children out of earshot.

After the game, maybe some 86 Proof through the night will

persuade Bambi that his chance for an American League flag is still there. Right now, though, Kaiser is in for a perilous fight and he's merely warming up for the holler.

The stirring scene was shot during a Brewers-Tigers game at Detroit. When Kaiser called a Brewer out on a close play at second, photographer Carl Skalak caught the marvelous moment. When Bamberger asked for a reversal of the decision, Kaiser drew himself up in his most unsympathetic warble. Justice triumphed. So did the Tigers.

Readers are invited to send in their own candidates for Photo Finish. Send newsclips (not pictures) to Photo Finish Editor, SPORT Magazine, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Sorry, we can not return entries.

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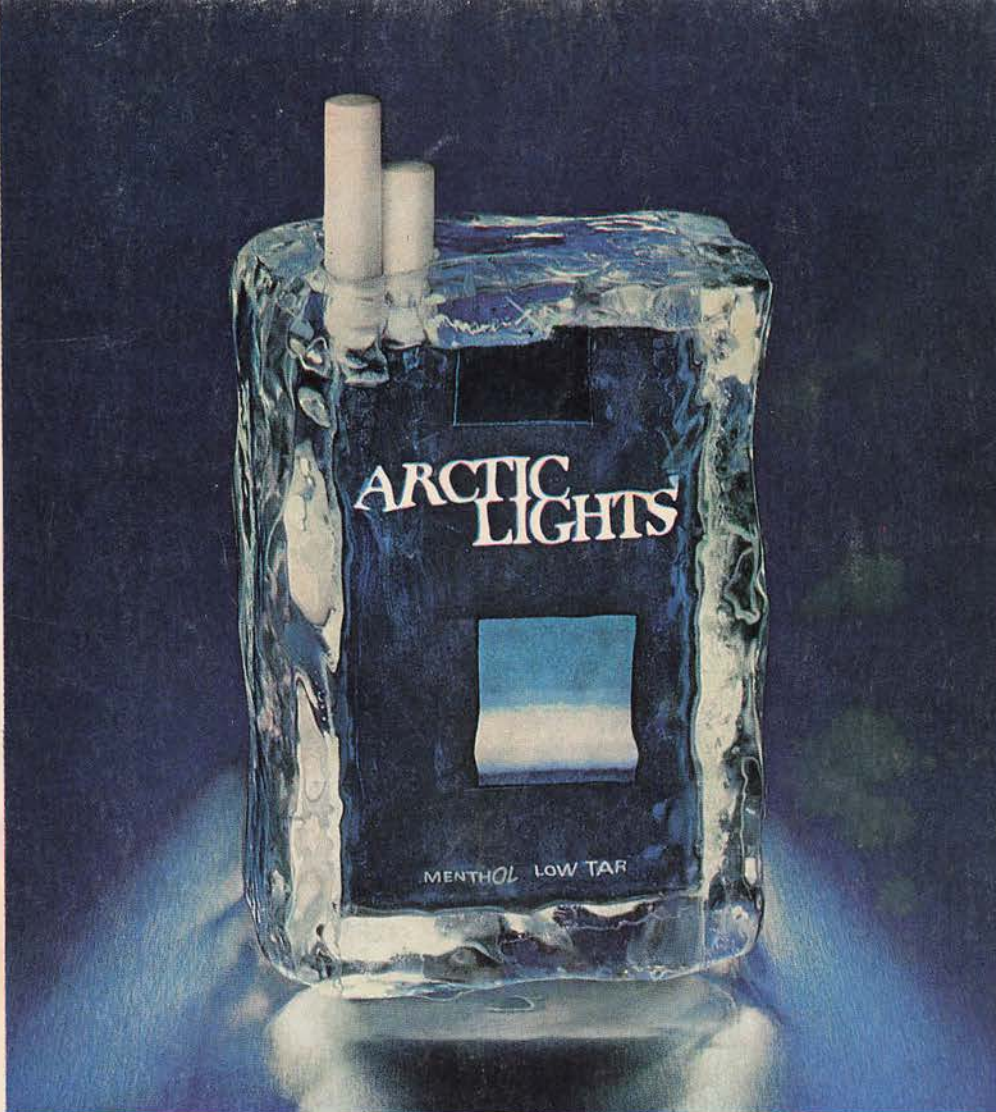


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